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# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XIII.—No. 3.  
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NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1894.

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MAY DAY IN CENTRAL PARK.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by W. P. SNYDER.)



# ONCE A WEEK

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## PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 525 West 14th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the advertisement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1894.

# ALL AMONG OURSELVES

It is a curious coincidence that, while the Canadian Government is imposing a very harsh and unjust duty on books, entailing great losses to certain American publishers under obligations to fill contracts made prior to the enactment of the new tariff, our own Congress appears to be seized also with an incomprehensible desire to increase the difficulties of the situation by adding an item to the Post-office Appropriation Bill relegating libraries and serial periodical publications to third-class rates.

Do Congressmen fully understand the effect of this seemingly simple provision of an ordinary appropriation bill? It is hardly possible; for it is not to be supposed that any Representative wishes needlessly to inflict a great wrong upon publishers, any more than upon any other class of men engaged in business closely bound up with modern civilization. No branch of enterprise is more closely allied with modern civilization than that which concerns itself with the dissemination of literature among the masses. That is in an especial manner the concern of publishers, whose interest it is to publish and sell at the lowest price possible every class of literature, experience proving that he who sells cheapest sells most, and consequently spreads information most extensively among the masses.

Now, if this proposed change is passed by Congress and sanctioned by the Executive, the burdens of publishers will be increased eightfold. That is, in plain language, what the result will be. At present publishers pay one cent per pound. Under the new law they would have to pay eight cents per pound! On what principle of common sense or justice is this proposed change based? In whose interest is it proposed? What good end has it in view? The Representatives who favor the change owe it to the people at large, as well as to the publishers, to explain; for it is the most unjustifiable movement ever attempted by Congress to check the spread of literature among the masses, while ruining the business of men who have invested millions of dollars in publishing enterprises. No worse period could have been selected for such a rash and unnecessary experiment. In the best of times competition is so keen among publishers that profit only comes from enormous sales. During a period of business depression there is hardly any profit at all, even to the most successful houses. Indeed, many carefully managed publishing companies have had to succumb during the awful stress of the past year. And yet it is under such circumstances that some of our wise legislators propose to plunge headlong, if not blindfold, into a policy of multiplying the difficulties and responsibilities of publishers.

Do they imagine that such a shallow measure will swell the receipts of Government? It is rank nonsense to suppose so. The most superficial study of the question ought to reveal the fact that the partial ruin of a great trade could only result from taxing it well-nigh out of existence. Take this paper alone as a sample

of the oppressive nature of a measure authorizing the increase of postage rates eightfold. ONCE A WEEK has a very large list of subscribers, to whom a novel of 288 pages—sometimes nearly double that number of pages—is supplied every two weeks. If the proposed change of rates goes into effect, the proprietor and publisher will lose about two hundred thousand dollars on his present contracts with subscribers. How? Because what he receives for these novels now is about six cents. What he would have to pay out in postage alone would amount to eight cents per pound, while at present he pays only one cent per pound. Eight cents alone is not the only outlay to be considered, though that is more than he gets for each novel, and would suffice for the purposes of this article. It should be remembered that sometimes one of these novels costs the publisher from one thousand to eight thousand dollars for its use in one single issue of his paper. Then there is the cost of paper, printing, editing and handling.

At present the proprietor is able to give subscribers an illustrated weekly paper, twenty-six splendid novels, and the complete works of a great author like Balzac, Tennyson, Milton or Scott, every year, for six dollars and a half. How will it be if the new postal rates are enforced? Subscribers will not be able to get the same value for twelve dollars per year. That is the inevitable result, and the result means a death-blow to cheap literature in this country, and consequently a fatal barrier to the spread of education. In our days the schools are only the first step to education; the broader, deeper, and more general education comes of reading the newspapers, the splendid weeklies, illustrated and otherwise, the magazines and the cheap serials and libraries. Whatever may be said of the justice of international copyright, so far as it protects the property of authors, the fact cannot be overlooked that its effect has been to greatly increase the cost to the reading public in this country. Take as an illustration the works of Rider Haggard. Before the International Copyright Law his novels used to sell here for six and seven cents per copy; now they cannot be bought for less than one dollar per copy! And yet Congressmen propose to increase the burdens to such an extent that novels of the class mentioned could only be bought hereafter by the very rich.

Is it not evident that the passage of the Postal Appropriation Bill, with this pernicious item in it, would be a great wrong, not only to publishers, but to the whole people? The item should be stricken out at once. No such law should have the sanction of Congress. But there is danger that, during the hurly-burly and confusion always attending appropriation legislation, the infamous item may be allowed to stand. Publishers should, at least, be treated with common fairness. If the thing is to become law by the co-operation of Congress and the President, it ought to be accompanied by a provision that its operation be postponed for a year or two, in order that publishers may have time to get out of business without actual losses. Many of these publishers were induced to invest their capital in expensive plants, costing in the aggregate millions of dollars, by the inducements held out by the Act of March, 1879. Are they to be ruined irretrievably by such reckless legislation as that now proposed?

ARE we living too fast in this country?

DR. CYRUS EDSON, Medical Commissioner of the Board of Health of this city, says we are, and especially we here in New York, to which come "Americans who are bound to win or to die." These win-or-to-die Americans, says the doctor, are always practicing extremes. If they exercise at all, they exercise too violently. They either overeat or skip their meals. If they work, they work fast and furiously, "like bellowing, throbbing steam-engines." If they belong to the leisure class, they go in for unbecoming lassitude, "which mentally and physically incapacitates them."

THERE is much truth in this charge of Dr. Edson against New Yorkers; but the charge applies almost with equal force in the case of citizens of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Boston and many other cities that might be named. They are all too eager in pursuit of business—too greedy to amass wealth—and consequently too indifferent to the results of overstrain and of inattention to the simplest laws of health. Says Dr. Edson:

"Few understand the high pressure of life in New York City. They do not even realize that they themselves are living too fast; that they are daily treating themselves to abnormal excesses in the way of intellectual effort and intellectual pleasures which damage and destroy mind and body. If the average New Yorker is asked why he never sleeps until sheer exhaustion makes it a necessity, why he drinks stimulants in the morning to drive away the pains in his head and to begot an appetite for breakfast, why he bolts down his luncheon as if he were filling his traveling bag in a hurry to catch a train, why he drinks stimulants again at night to drive away nervousness and recurring thoughts of his day's work which pass before his mind with agonizing realism, he will reply in effect: It is the spirit of the age. I am going no faster than my competitors. I must do it in order to be in the race."

Now, is it necessary "to do it in order to be in the race"? I don't believe it. Fact is, this mad, break-neck speed is the surest way to get out of the race. It means premature break-down and premature death.

The sooner New Yorkers and Americans generally realize the fact the better it will be for their own health and the welfare of their offspring. As Dr. Edson remarks, "looking at the matter in a mercenary and practical light, if the business man would preserve for himself a healthy old age, he would have longer in which to complete his life's work, and in the end he would accomplish more."

NERVOUS diseases formerly were quite unusual, but now they are plentiful and divided into many classes. Scientists are constantly devising new methods of repairing the rents in the human system caused by nervous affections "resultant from the high pressure of modern life."

"By this," says Dr. Edson, "I mean worry, over-exertion, rich food and the general neglect of all hygienic laws, except such as are necessary to keep one just alive; and there is a wide difference between keeping just alive and perfect health. I do not mean overwork. The man who is sick from overwork is extraordinary. It is not one thing alone, it is not the simple fact of eating one's lunch too quickly, which constitutes what I term fast living. But all of our surroundings, our pleasures and pastimes partake of the same high pitch. Our social conditions tend toward this end. There are no distinctions of birth. The humblest can hope for a palace some day. Even the Germans and the English live here but a short time before they likewise are tuned up to concert pitch. The rewards, so rich and so sure, and the ever stimulating competition of his fellows, drive the business man, the lawyer, the engineer, the man in any line of intellectual activity, to his greatest effort all of the time. He is like a steam-engine under forced draught. The fact that his daily routine is one of ever-present and intense excitement has brought him to believe that he must have a stimulus, even in his recreations. Books which are exciting, dramas of the most gorgeous setting and sensational character of plot, athletic games that demand the utmost effort, horses whose speed is that of railroad trains, yachts which beat their prototypes throughout the world—these, and a thousand other things, all intense, all exciting, all startling, all sensational, are the occupations of his leisure hours. What is the outcome? To supply his rapidly exhausted system he is compelled to consume large quantities of rich food and to stimulate himself with alcoholic beverages. He starts upon his career with a robust digestion, not easily deranged, and his career ends in premature death, which too often owes its origin to the flagrant abuse of that digestion."

By contrast with these warning words of the New York physician the imaginative flights of M. Berthelot of Paris are, at least, amusing. The learned Frenchman lately discussed "The World in the Year 2000," when, he declared, chemistry will deliver this globe from many of the social evils of to-day. Not the least of the expected blessings will be the production of food entirely by artificial means—food as healthy and in as great profusion, too, as we have it now. No cultivation of vegetables will be necessary, nor slaughter of beasts, nor danger from bad seasons or microbes or insects. Chemistry will do the whole business by extracting carbon from carbonic acid, hydrogen from water, and nitrogen from air. How is this to be accomplished? By utilizing the heat of the sun and the central heat of the earth. The latter, M. Berthelot declares, can be obtained by driving shafts two miles deep. Well, the wizard of Llewellyn has been telling us much the same thing for a long time without finding many believers. But who knows? One hundred and six years are a long time to wait. Some of the babies now born may live to see the great Berthelot-Edison promises realized. But none of us mature fogies can hope to survive until then, unless, indeed, the Edisons and Berthelots hit upon the real secret of prolonging life and give it to the world without resort to the Wall Street manipulators. It is a pretty promise to hold up to mortal hope, and the human imagination loves to toy with such apparently hopeless prospects. "There will be then," according to Berthelot, "no passion to own land, beasts need not be bred for slaughter, man will be milder and more moral. The reign of chemistry will beautify the planet, and there will be no need to disfigure it with the works of the agriculturist or with the grime of factories and chimneys. It will recover its verdure, and the flora of the earth will be a vast pleasure garden, and the human race will live in peace and plenty."

A MAN named Auguste Laureau, supposed to have murdered his mother, wife and mistress, was guillotined at Dijon, France, on April 19. He was led to the place of execution barefooted, wearing a white shirt and trousers, and having a black veil thrown over his head. This is a custom observed in Dijon in the case of parricides.

THE Astor family are developing high literary taste. William Waldorf made a sensation some years ago with his "Valentino," and now comes John Jacob, already with some reputation as an inventor, with a sort of scientific romance, time the twentieth century, and scene the planet Jupiter. It seems the young novelist has submitted his manuscript to competent critics, who unite in stating that it shows decided ability.

CITIZENS of Rushsylvania, Logan County, Ohio, lynched a negro named Seymour Newland, Sunday night, April 15, in spite of the sheriff's posse, assisted by a company of militia from Bellefontaine, the county-seat. The mob had contrived to place dynamite bombs under the negro's cell in the Rushsylvania calaboose. The sheriff removed these, and then, at the request of citizens, called off the militia. The mob turned the calaboose upside down with fence rails, and then dispatched Newland.

## OUR COMING NOVELS.

THERE is no more grateful task to the publisher in his business career than that of bringing before the public the works of young authors of undoubted genius. It has been the fortune and privilege of the proprietor of this paper to have opened avenues of communication between a very large proportion of the novel-reading population of this continent and a number of gifted young writers whose books needed only to be read to be recognized as productions worthy of a place in the front rank of fiction. This result has been brought about by the exercise of the utmost care in the selection of material for ONCE A WEEK's library. Every novel selected has been subjected to a rigid examination by expert readers who have only recommended those reaching a high water-mark of literary, artistic and moral excellence. The result of this system has proved highly satisfactory to all concerned. Subscribers to the library have now an unwavering confidence in the proprietor's intention and ability to furnish them with the best works obtainable; and authors of distinction, recognizing the advantages of publication in ONCE A WEEK's library—advantages whereby their works are placed in the hands of a quarter of a million readers—are hastening to offer their works for consideration, thus simplifying the publisher's task of selection.

Within the last few months, especially, all the novels printed in the library series have been of remarkable excellence. The works of the gifted young Austrian, Ossip Schubin, have been a revelation of intellectual and emotional power, culture and artistic development, which, coming from one so little known before to American readers, was wholly unexpected. The three novels, "One of Us," "Broken Wings" and "Chords and Discords," by this brilliant and facile writer, have more than sufficed to establish for her in this country the same enviable reputation which they had already won for her in Europe.

## "A MARTYR OF DESTINY."

The next novel which will appear in the library series, with the issue of May 5, is from the pen of an established favorite, our clever countryman and frequent contributor to ONCE A WEEK, Mr. Edgar Fawcett. "A Martyr of Destiny" is the title of this latest work of fiction, and subscribers to ONCE A WEEK may be assured that it does not fall behind his earlier works. On the contrary, it surpasses them in power, in interest, and in excellence of workmanship; though, in fact, the classical correctness of Mr. Fawcett's earlier literary execution was scarcely susceptible of improvement.

## "PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE."

It is not too soon to announce another agreeable surprise for the subscribers of ONCE A WEEK. Arrangements have been made with the rising young novelist, Mr. Gilbert Parker—already introduced to the readers of ONCE A WEEK by an excellent portrait and biographical sketch published in the last number—for the publication of one of his most successful novels, "Pierre and His People." This fascinating book, already published in England, has elicited a perfect ovation of praise and congratulations to the author from the most prominent organs of literary opinion in Great Britain. The nature and execution of the book may, perhaps, best be described, in brief, by stating that what Rudyard Kipling has done for India Gilbert Parker has done and is still doing for the great but lonely Northwest. There is one striking difference, however, between the two gifted writers. Both show the touch of a master hand, directed by a profound insight into human nature as it is exhibited under the crude conditions of life prevailing in strange and half-settled countries. Both have the picturesque boldness of utterance which comes of a positive knowledge of the things whereof they write, combined with an art so subtle that their pages reflect, like mirrors, not only the salient features, but every delicate tint of the local color of the scenes they try to depict. The notable difference between them, as writers, may be ascribed partly to the widely divergent conditions of life which they have set themselves to study, and partly, as the reader quickly becomes aware, to a certain fine distinction in the moral ingredients entering into their respective personalities. The strength of Kipling sometimes verges on brutality. Parker is equally forceful, while yet exercising his strength with such exquisite tact that an impression of rare refinement is never absent from his pages, which, unlike those of some of our later authors, distill no poison of cynicism. They may probe deeply into the secrets of the human heart and reveal with impartiality its weakness and wickedness, as well as its strength and virtue; but they never exaggerate the power of evil, nor confuse the positive and heroic character of true virtue with the negative and colorless presentiments of it, which too many writers offer as real pictures of worth. In short, Gilbert Parker's work is free from pessimism and realism—the plague-spots of our later literature. It bears the stamp of very many fine qualities of heart and intellect, which, coupled with the perfection of literary form in which Mr. Parker has cast his work, amply justifies the enthusiastic reception he has won and the confident prophecy of those who should know that his star is in the ascendant and may yet rise to heights undreamed of even by himself.

## "THE MERCHANT OF KILLOGUE."

Of a totally different character, but no less deserving of praise, is the work of Mr. J. S. Allen, a writer whom we will shortly introduce to our readers by means of a most entertaining novel entitled, "The Merchant of Killogue." As the name indicates, the scene is laid in Ireland, and the author has taken advantage of the richness of material at hand in the troubled condition of the country and the diverse and diverting characters of its inhabitants to weave a powerful and racy narrative of exciting events. The human interest in this book is very strong, as is felt from the first page. The delineation of passion is not confined to one aspect of it. Love, ambition, avarice and the greed of power are ably dissected, and the result of indulgence in each on the lives of all concerned is presented with a force and vividness that amount to a solemn warning. But with all its deep significance, the book abounds in rich humor, and will, perhaps, be best remembered for the amount of pure entertainment it affords.

With such a programme ahead there can be no question but that the most fastidious of subscribers will find nothing to carp at in the forthcoming novels. Indeed, it may be said, without vanity or boasting, that the advantages offered readers of ONCE A WEEK are unique, the cheapness and excellence of the work produced being beyond comparison with that of any other library in the world.

## THE NEW CANADIAN TARIFF.

In the last number of ONCE A WEEK appeared a letter of the proprietor of this paper addressed to the Canadian Minister of Customs, and calling attention to the hardship and injustice to certain American publishers resulting from the new Tariff of 1894. The Controller of Customs has sent the proprietor of ONCE A WEEK the following answer:—

OFFICE OF THE CONTROLLER OF CUSTOMS.

OTTAWA, April 13, 1894.

DEAR SIR—Your memorial of the 11th inst. is just to hand, and I carefully note the position you are placed in connection with your Canadian subscribers to ONCE A WEEK, owing to the duty of six cents per pound on literary publications, instead of fifteen per cent leviable under the former tariff being retained. I regret to have to say that in this matter I do not, at the present time, see what action I can take under the law that will grant the proportionate exemption that you ask for. The Canadian Customs Tariff is always made to come into operation immediately upon the changes being brought down in Parliament on the presentation of the Finance Minister's Budget speech—in this particular differing from the practice pursued in your country.

I am, Faithfully yours,

N. CLARKE WALLACE.

P. F. COLLIER, Esq., Prop. ONCE A WEEK, New York.

MR. LABOUCHERE, of *Truth*, advocates the appointment of one or two lady Commissioners in Lunacy, urging that "women are in their right sphere in all administrative offices which are concerned with the happiness and well-being of women." He also takes care to add that "whereas a male Commissioner in Lunacy, being a legal big-wig, has to be paid £1,500 per annum, a lady Commissioner, in every respect highly qualified, would doubtless be obtained for less than half that salary." This is hard; but perhaps before long there will be legal big-wigs of both sexes, and women will learn to put the same value on their services as men put on exactly similar ones. Until they do, they cannot expect to be acknowledged as the equals of men, whether they are really so or not.

ANOTHER instance of the under-valuation of women's services is reported from Australia. On two hundred stations on Victorian railways women have taken the place of men as station-mistresses. The men used to receive on an average £150 a year; the women get about £20.

THE cheapness of female labor is, however, the rule only as regards manual industries. In the professions, woman is able to hold her own, without underselling her services. The *English Journalist* draws attention to this fact in a recent commentary on the election of two ladies to the Committee of the London District of the Institute of Journalists. The fears entertained in some quarters that the advent of the lady journalist would have the effect of reducing salaries, have been proven groundless, literary and reportorial work being judged strictly on its merits and paid for accordingly. This is as it should be, and the press can take credit to itself for leading the van in recognizing adequately the value of women's services.

A WIDE-SPREAD strike among miners, embracing Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Colorado, Illinois, West Virginia, Maryland, Alabama and other States, has begun. It is estimated that one hundred and twenty-four thousand miners are already engaged in this strike.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL has been made one of the Lords of Appeal, as successor to the late Lord Bowen—salary, thirty thousand dollars a year.

VERDI's new opera, "Falstaff," is about to be produced in Paris.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW's birthday was celebrated by the Brooklyn Montauk Club on the 21st inst., with Depew present and speaking in his usually happy vein. Here is one little gem snatched from his cluster of bright remarks:

"A birthday anniversary reminds one both of the beginning and of the end of life. It suggests the inquiry, 'Are you glad you started? Are you satisfied with your career as far as you have gone? When and how will it end?' I never saw a man who had enough energy to crawl who was so tired and so disgusted with this world that he was ready to climb the golden stairs. Granted a good constitution, and then a clear conscience and unclouded brain, a temperate life and plenty of work, and a man can live forever. He neither rusts nor rots. What kills people is worry—worry for that which they do not want and do not need."

THE betrothal of the Czarewitch and Princess Alix of Hesse is said to mean another Triple Alliance between England, Germany and Russia, which may prove only less strong than political bonds ratified by treaty. The news is received with chagrin and disappointment only in France.

OLD GREECE has had another severe earthquake, causing, it is to be feared, great loss of life as well as of property. Ancient Thebes was nearly destroyed.

THE court dinner given in Vienna in honor of the German Emperor had peculiar features. Though the guests numbered eighty, the whole dinner was served on gold plates and dishes. The centre pieces and vases likewise were of massive gold. Really two dinners were served, because it was Friday. Beside each plate lay two menus, a fish menu, on simple white cardboard with the imperial eagle in relief, and a meat menu, with the usual gold ornaments and the eagle in gold. As the guests sat down, every one was asked by the lackeys whether a fish or meat dinner would be agreeable, and then one menu was taken away. So the servants knew what dishes to serve. Only the Emperor, Archduchess Maria Theresa, Archduchess Caroline and two Cardinals fasted. Everybody else selected the meat dinner.

THE late sacrilegious robberies in Paris are said to have been the work of a sect called the Luciferians, or Devil worshipers, whose headquarters are Fribourg, Switzerland. They have a liturgy which is a parody of the mass. The consecrated elements are either stolen from churches or received in communion by female adherents. A service of profanation then takes place, which is known as black mass. Mgr. Faya, Bishop of Grenoble, has issued a circular to the clergy ordering special vigilance, as the Luciferians abstract the host from village churches in lonely districts without stealing the ciborium and monstrances in which the sacrament is contained.

THE Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark will celebrate their silver wedding on July 28.

A SIMPLE and pleasant remedy for indigestion is a teaspoonful of honey, to be taken after each meal.

THE Young Women's Christian Association has a branch in Jerusalem with a membership of eighty.

## A STATUE TO FATHER DRUMGOOLE.

A NAME which is never pronounced without evoking the kindest thoughts and feelings is that of the late Rev. Father John C. Drumgoole, the good priest so well known in New York by his great work in aid of friendless boys. Last week a handsome statue, raised to his memory at the corner of Great Jones Street and Lafayette Place, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. It is of bronze, ten feet high, and rests on a granite pedestal. It represents Father Drumgoole holding his breviary in one hand and resting the other on the head of a forlorn-looking little newboy. On the other side the same boy is shown, well-dressed and contented, reading from a lesson-book.

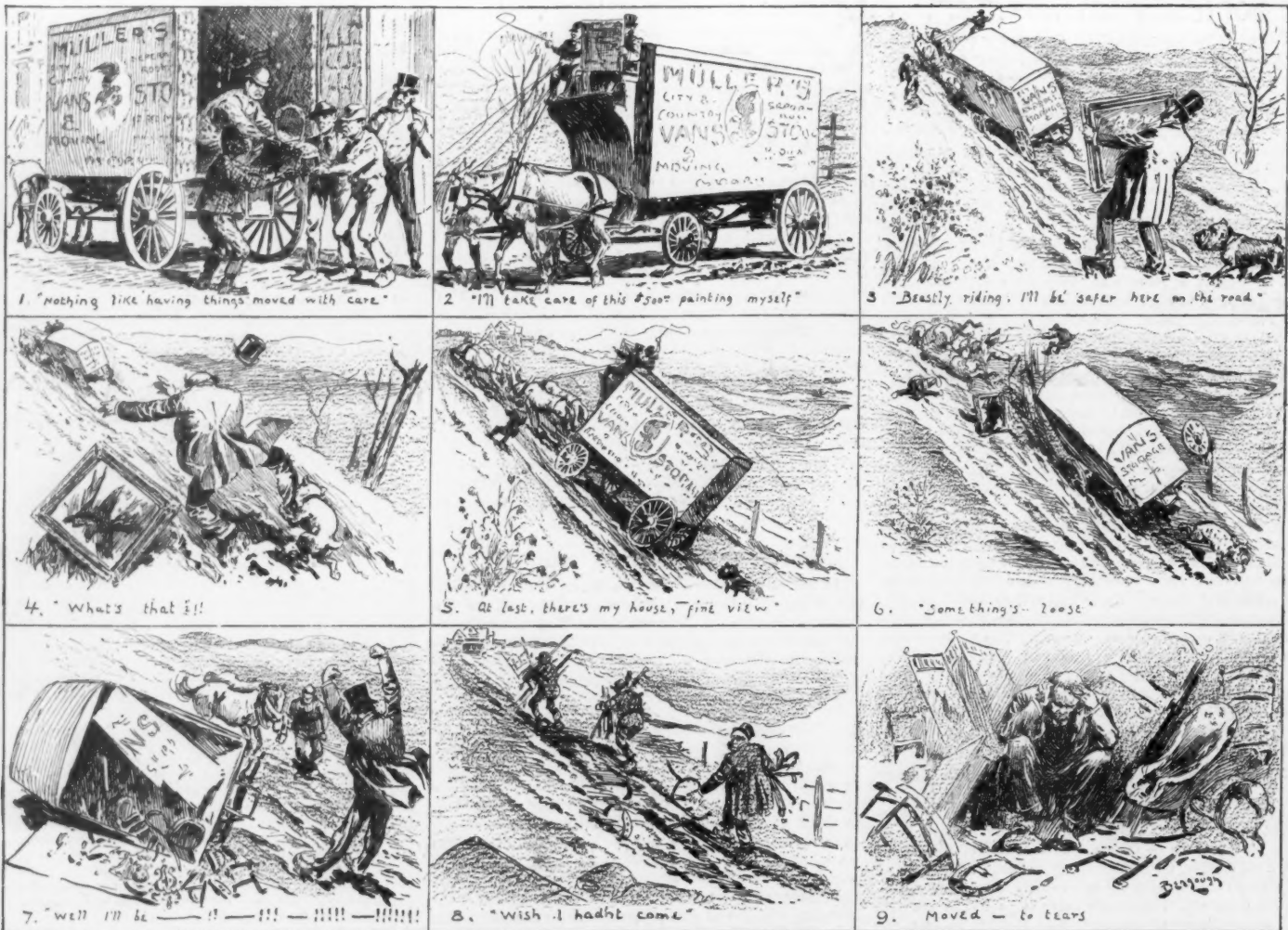
The ceremony of unveiling the statue took place on April 11, in the presence of a large number of spectators. Archbishop Corrigan lifted the veil, and Mgr. Farley read a cablegram from the Pope, conveying his Apostolic benediction to all present and concerned in the good work.

Father Drumgoole began his noble efforts in a humble way, picking up the waifs that crossed his path, and housing them as best he could in a small home in Warren Street, which had been intrusted to his care by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. But he speedily saw a large field of work opening out before him, and unhesitatingly entered on it with extraordinary zeal and courage. To raise funds for his enterprise he established the St. Joseph's Union, to which members were admitted on payment of twenty-five cents yearly. The membership of St. Joseph's Union grew so rapidly that, out of the profits it yielded, Father Drumgoole was enabled to purchase four city lots on the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street, the former site of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Bartholomew; and, later, the property on Staten Island and at Mt. Loretto, where many fine buildings now stand, serving as homes, schools and workshops for the rescued boys. The flourishing condition of these and the good results flowing from their management constitute the real monument to Father Drumgoole; but, in addition, the statue will serve to remind passers-by of a good man and a noble life-work. (See page 12.)

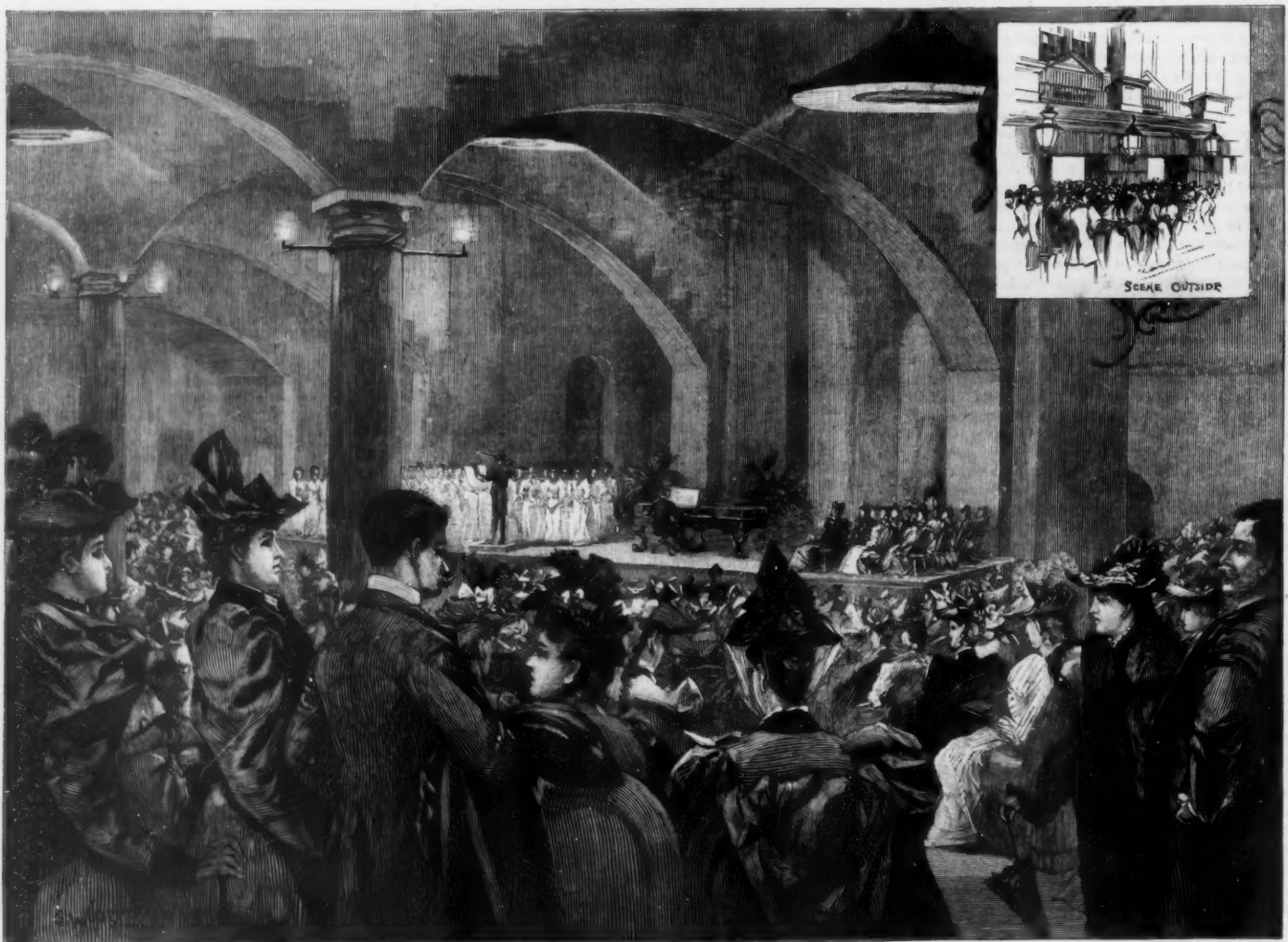
## WORKING-GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

THE New York Association of Working-Girls' Societies held their tenth annual meeting at Cooper Union, on April 9. The annual report was read by Miss Grace H. Dodge, the first director, who also delivered an address. When the business portion of the programme was disposed of the Choral Union gave their fourth annual concert, a good deal of ability and taste being displayed both in the selection and execution of the programme. The occasion was most interestingly illustrative of the advantages in the way of culture and sociability resulting from harmonious organization. A further idea of this meeting may be gained from the illustration on page 4.



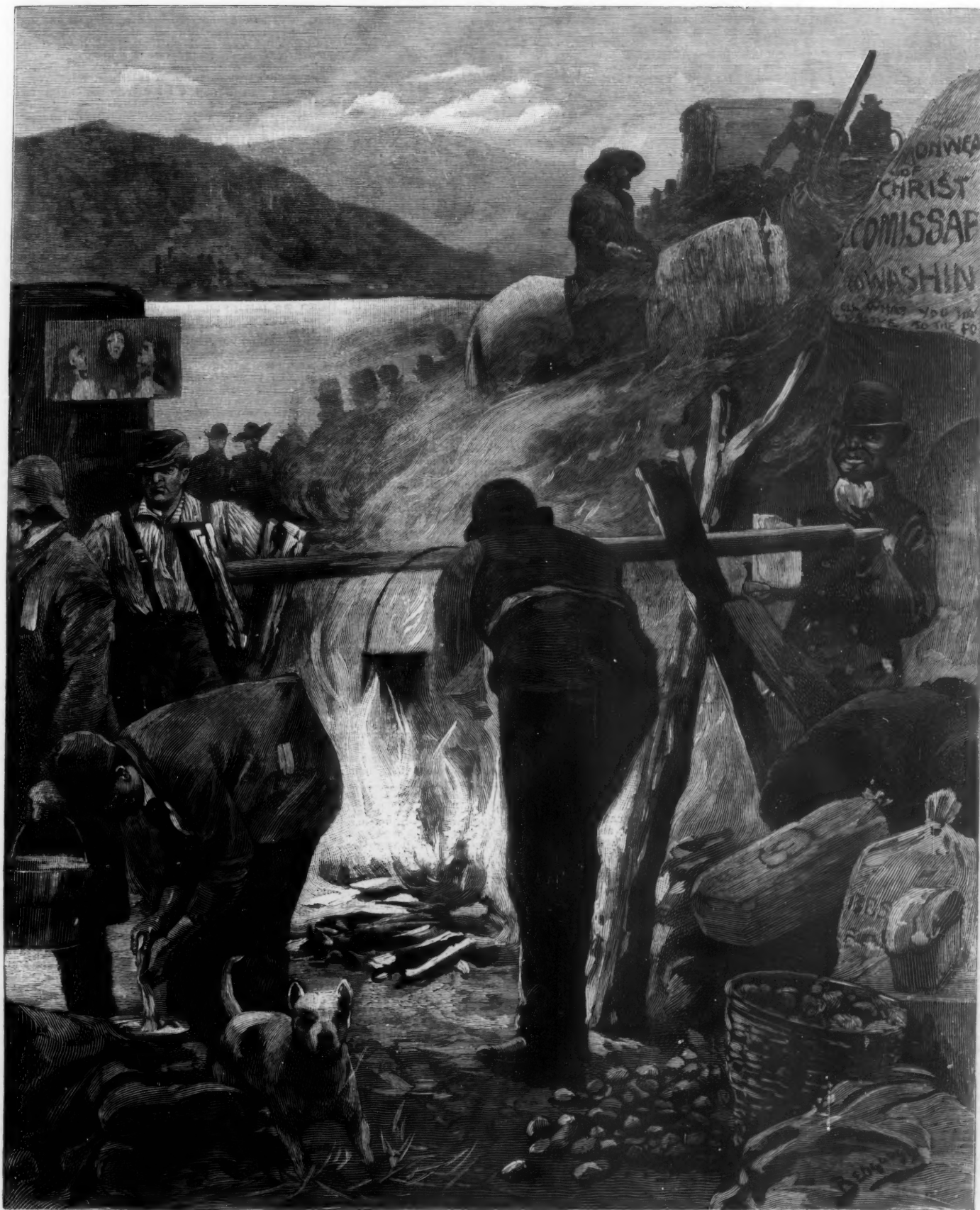


MAY 1.—MR. JONES MOVES TO THE COUNTRY.



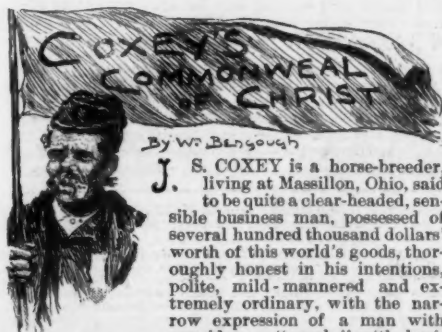
MEETING OF WORKING-GIRLS' SOCIETIES AT COOPER UNION, APRIL 2, 1894.





COXEY'S ARMY OF THE COMMONWEAL ENCAMPED BY THE WAYSIDE.

(Sketched on the spot by our Special Artist, W. BENGOUGH.)



By W. Bengough

ness ability, willing to spend his money to spread his

principles. His most striking feature is his entire lack of the heroic air which so distinguishes his friend and partner in the Commonweal movement—Carl Browne. This man Browne is of an entirely distinct type. He is stout in person, with a short beard, straggling hair, a shifting eye, a hustling manner and a perpetual glimmering smile; clad in a fringed buckskin coat, high top-boots, and a light gray sombrero, carefully rolled to the left side of his head. When riding, he is completely enveloped in a long calfskin overcoat, with the short hairy side out. When at the head of his hungry army, he rides a huge gray stallion, with great hairy legs, long, sweeping tail and mane, and a forelock which completely covers the enormous face and hangs well below the nose. When in this exalted position Browne is in his element, and in passing through the cheering crowds he smiles and cavorts, swinging his big hat and bowing to the ladies in a delightfully clumsy manner.

Who has not heard of "The Unknown," the third of these mighty men? The fact that he is unknown has made him known. But he has dropped out now. This is as ONCE A WEEK saw him: Upon a magnificent dark



AFTER A LONG DAY'S MARCH.

bay stallion, whose carriage and action are perfection, rode this mysterious man, who registered at the hotels by the name of Brown, familiarly known among the unwashed as Browne, but spoken of by others as Smidt. He had the one quality so noticeably absent in both Coxey and Browne; namely, dignity, and a fine presence. Perhaps that is why the other two dropped him. He wore



CARL BROWNE, THE CEREBRUM OF THE COMMONWEAL, WITH HIS GREAT GRAY STALLION.

a close-fitting black velvet riding-coat, pure white linen collar and cuffs, tight trousers, and neat, high boots. His was an upright, firm figure. He wore a clean-shaven face, small mustache, with a sharp eye and a very firm mouth. His age is about thirty-eight. He seemed the commander through and through.

Thus we have "Coxey the Cerebrum" of the Commonwealth, or the brain proper, the head, the genius who conceived the great "idea"; then "Browne the Cerebellum," or the little brain, the organizer, the hustler, the "barker," who has, sad to say, barked all his voice away, and has now only a husky remnant of the voice which was known as the loudest in the world. And last, we have—or had—the man of blood and iron—the "Unknown," the disciplinarian, the force which holds—or, rather, did hold—this rabble in check.

Having seen the men who formed this movement, and having examined Browne's cartoons, which cover the tents, banners, and wagons, and which form such



HEADQUARTERS TENT, WITH ONE OF BROWNE'S CARTOONS

a feature of the evening meetings in the shape of a panorama, and having listened attentively to the speeches of the trio and mingled with the army individually and collectively, in camp and on the weary march; gathering crumbs of wisdom and theosophy by night and the philosophy of misery from the army by day, it is easy, then, to understand why the movement has so much vitality. Imagination runs back to Massillon, where the Cerebrum and the Cerebellum worked and planned, hammering and welding, getting the "idea" into condition to march; or I fancy I can see them as two enthusiastic patent-medicine manufacturers concocting a cure for social and political ills. To a foundation of Non-Interest Bearing Bonds they add a large quantity of Paper Money, together with a great number of Good Roads. These form the medicine proper. But in order to make it strong they add a dash of Socialism and Anarchy, in equal quantities; to make it popular, some very finely-minced Monopolies, and especially some choice Gold Bugs ground to powder. Then, to sweeten it, they add a moderate amount of religious vagary. To make it mysterious, a coloring of Theosophy is given it. Then, with a touch of Adventure to add to it to relish, the wonderful cure is ready to be administered. But how to pour it down Uncle Sam's throat? Nay, to make Uncle Sam think he wants it?

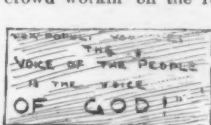
In the meantime, the Commonwealthers march along. "We sleep on the damp ground, or try in vain to sleep, while the leaders or the 'Betterweal' portion of us sleep on spring beds in the best hotels the towns afford. We, the 'Commonwealers,' tramp through the mud, dragging our long lines of tattered and battered humanity up over the hills and down through the valleys. When the 'Unknown' says 'Come!' we come; when he says 'Go!' we go, and whatsoever the great 'Unknown' says we do. But he is not here now. Wonder where he sleeps to-night?"

"Of course, we are all equal. One man is as good as another, and we are all brothers. Anyhow, it's pretty tough. Sometimes we walk along feeding on air principally; sometimes we get a good square meal; sometimes we have two meals a day, and sometimes three. Then a bundle of straw to lie on when we're lucky; but often the bare ground, and it's cold these nights, too. We'll get rheumatism, I s'pose; but, then, what'll we do? There's no work, and the weather'll be warm soon."

"Then it's fun sometimes. Misery loves company, and in this gang we get lots of both. I don't know much about Browne's reincarnation idea. He says that 'Bunker' (that's Jasper, the colored man's dog) has reincarnated a part of the soul of old John Brown, because he marches on, I s'pose. He says that when the souls leave a dead body they go to a reservoir of souls. Wonder if they have to tramp this way to get to the reservoir?"

"We're not tramps. We want work, and can't get it. What's the good of stayin' home if you ain't got a home? What'll we do when we get to Washington? I don't know; but they won't want us. They've got to do something with us—give us tickets to ride back where we came from, I guess."

"Say, did you hear how Coxey first got the idea of this army? He says he dreamed it. He was riding all day over very bad roads, and got home late and very tired, and went to sleep and dreamed of seein' a big crowd workin' on the roads; and while they worked,



the whole scene changed, and the country changed to a rose-garden. Then when he got up he drew out the non-interest-bearing bond bill.

"They say that the 'Unknown' used to be a circus man with Sells Brothers Circus, and other fellows say he is a Russian Nihilist escaped from Russia. And some say he was a captain in the English army or a United States Secret Service man, or a Pinkerton detective; and others say he is a grandson of an ex-Governor of Pennsylvania. Anyhow, whatever he is, he's a corker. Wonder where he is to-night? In jail, mebbe. Did you know his wife travels with him to look after him? She stays at hotels, and keeps him lookin' tony. They call her the veiled lady. She's that, anyhow. He has big schemes, and knows lots about theosophy and spooks and that sort of thing."

"Say, this'll go into history, won't it? I bet it will. Some of these newspaper fellows says this is like the beginning of the French Revolution. They say that there are crowds from all over the West and South—little crowds and big crowds, all marching to Washington. They must be durned fools—I mean the crowds. But we know we want something—more money and less misery; that's what. Browne says to 'remember, combined, we represent and are the reincarnation of good men; and the power of evil will give way to the brilliant light and impenetrable shield of peace on earth and good-will toward men. It is our oneness of purpose that gives us that order and discipline that astonishes the world.' How's that? Sounds fine, doesn't it? He's a dandy on the talk, that Browne. Why, before he lost his voice you could hear him in the next county; and he'll talk for three hours about them cartoons of his, about the financial condition of the country, and tell us what we need is plenty of greenbacks again. He says if they were good enough to buy ammunition in war times, and if Abraham Lincoln believed in them, that they are good enough now to buy stuff to eat with. Now, that's so, too; ain't it?"

"He shows a picture of the farmers bendin' under a big load of mortgages, because they burned up the greenbacks and stopped buyin' silver. I tell you, he's down on capitalists and monopolies. He was talkin' on the levee at Pittsburgh and a river boat drowned his

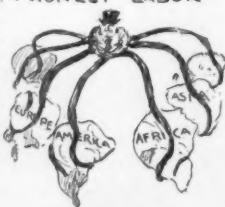


J. S. COXEY ("the Cerebrum" of the Commonwealth)—"I get tired of reading all these poems and letters they send me."

voice with its whistle, and Browne says: 'I tell you, friends, it's hard to talk against monopolies.' That caught the crowd, and after he and Coxey finished talkin' the crowd carried Coxey on their shoulders. Coxey says there's a terrible revolution at hand, and that we're marchin' to attract the attention of the people to it, and to set them thinkin' about the means he proposes to fix it all up with.

"We couldn't be no worse unless they took us out and shot us all; so we might as well go along and see if we can't get some of the paper money when the bills pass at Washington."

GOLD BUG  
FEEDS ON NOTHING BUT  
HONEST LABOR



"Have you seen the doctor that's travelin' along with us? He's a dude—wears a cape coat, and looks English. They call him Dr. McLeay. He says he wants to see good roads so that he can have comfortable drivin' when he goes to see his patients. He's not a tramp. Anyhow, he doesn't look like one."

"As we go along through snow and rain over the mountains and along the big rivers, the engineers on the railroads whistle and toot at us as they fly past. We go through the cheering crowds, through the black smoke of the factory towns and over the fresh hills of the country, wondering what'll become of us. And then the 'Unknown' rides up and down, and we look into his firm, hard face. But he is gone. He used to say to us when we were particular hard pressed that there will be relief from suffering to two millions of poor devils—yes, to six millions—when this march is over. Wonder if he was guying us?"

"We are an army of peace. We don't want what doesn't belong to us. But something seems all wrong, when we must wander through the country gazing upon the comforts and ease of the prosperous, who stare at us as if we were not human."

Such is the song of the Coxeyites. Let us leave the strange, unhappy victims of the inequalities of our *fin-de-siècle* civilization. They will reach Washington perhaps, and be disappointed again, as they have been before. But shall there be no result? Is it possible that this, or any movement, will have no effect? It will not be what Coxey fondly hopes; but, as the wanderer says, "It'll go into history," perhaps as one small indication of the growing unrest which is the advance guard of some great change in our social system. It is more likely to be remembered as a sure sign that the American people will tolerate any movement short of actual insurrection. It may be recorded against us hereafter that the American people let the Coxey army go too long and too far.



WASHING OUT OLD TOMATO-CANS.

#### SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

##### BURNING A NEEDLE.

To perform the curious experiment of burning a needle, all that is required is a jar of oxygen and a few bits of cork. Oxygen may be prepared in the following way: Procure some chlorate of potassium, which is commonly sold in a white, crystalline form. On being heated, this substance yields all its oxygen, of which more than a third of its weight is composed. The decomposition of parts, at first slow, becomes, in a short time, so rapid that there is danger of an explosion, to obviate which it is well previously to mix with the chlorate an equal weight of bixide of manganese, a black powder. These two substances should be placed in a glass connected by a rubber tube with a jar or bottle containing water, and heated until the oxygen is all obtained. Now, take a long, coarse needle, impale a bit of a match on its point, and insert its head in a small cork attached by a wire to a large cork stopper, which will cover the mouth of the jar. This apparatus is shown separately in the cut. Set fire to the match end, and introduce it while burning into the jar of oxygen. The bit of wood burns vividly, then the needle becomes incandescent, and, with a crackling noise, sends sparks in every direction until all the oxygen is consumed. The effect is somewhat like that produced by a Roman candle. The bottom of the jar is protected by a good depth of water, otherwise it would be inevitably shattered by the drops of melted oxide of iron shed by the needle. When the process of combustion is ended a little round knob is found at the end of the needle which has not been burned. This is melted oxide of iron, caused by combustion. A thin knitting-needle may be burned with equal success in the same manner.



A BOATMAN once carried one of the little English royalties on board a yacht; as he carefully set her down on the deck, he said: "There you are, my little lady!" The child, who had not much relished being carried, shook her little self, and said: "I am not a little lady; I'm a princess." Her royal mother, who overheard her small daughter's speech, said quietly: "You had better tell the kind sailor who carried you that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be one some day!"

##### NOW THE GRASS OF SPRING.

Now the Grass of Spring is back-high to the bird,  
And tickles his throat with its tender spars;  
Now the tulips dance and the rose appears,  
And the blood in the poet's breast is stirred.

—HOWARD HALL.

ADVERTISER'S HANDY GUIDE. Compiled and published by Bates & Morse Advertising Agency, New York. 766 pp., 41 x 61. Flexible covers. Price, \$2.00.

The tenth issue of the *Advertiser's Handy Guide* is indeed a book of the century—progressive, up-to-the-times, opportune. All desirable features of previous issues, of arrangement, statistics of circulation of all prominent daily and weekly journals, the grouping of special publications, are reproduced in the present volume. The principal change is in the careful revision which establishes the authority of the handy volume.—*Journal of Education*, Boston.



## SUICIDE OF A PAINTING.

MYSTERIOUS HISTORY OF MAKART'S MASTERPIECE. IT WAS A PORTRAIT OF COUNT E. ZICHY.—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS MAGYAR HOUSE.



OMEWHERE in the mud of the Danube lies a painting, by Makart, which has an extraordinary history, and for the recovery of which a reward of ten thousand florins has been offered. Were it possible to conceive that a picture could be endowed with life, one would be tempted to believe that this one had deliberately committed suicide. It was a noble painting, one of the masterpieces of Makart, and represented one of the grandest and most illustrious of Hungarian Magnates, Count Edmund Zichy, who has just died. Three years ago a well-known artist at Buda Pesth of the name of Kardos received an order to copy the portrait, which he did to the entire satisfaction of the Zichy family. The copy was presented by Count Edmund to his son Eugene, who gave it the place of honor in the picture-gallery of his chateau of Szent-Zany. Three days after its arrival there the castle burned down and the painting was destroyed. Two more copies were ordered of Kardos to replace the duplicate thus lost; but, although they were quite as successful as the first, they never reached the family. For on their way from the artist's studio to the Zichy Palace at Pesth they were pierced through by the pole of a wagon in such a manner as to completely demolish them. The artist set to work again and painted two copies to replace them, which were dispatched by rail from Pesth to Vienna, where the Zichys were staying at the time. The train transporting them was wrecked in a collision in the outskirts of the Austrian capital, and that was the end of these two copies. There the matter rested until the sudden death of old Count Edmund the other day, when, undeterred by past experience, his children called once more upon the artist to make another couple of copies of Makart's portrait of their father. With this object in view they intrusted the original painting to one of the old retainers of the family, with instructions to convey it to the Kardos studio. As the latter is quite a considerable distance from the Zichy Palace, the servant mounted the roof of an omnibus with his precious freight, and the cumbersome vehicle was just lumbering over the great suspension bridge which spans the Danube, dividing Buda from Pesth, when a sudden and violent gust of wind caught the painting broadside on, tore it out of the old man's grasp, and carried it over the parapet into the river below. It seems almost as if the painting had been imbued with an inveterate objection to being copied, and that, finding the Zichys deaf to all the repeated and manifold warnings, had finally, in sheer desperation, sought a watery grave. The only vestige that remains of this masterpiece by Makart is a photograph, which is given herewith for the benefit of the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

Count Edmund Zichy, whom it represents in his stately Magnate attire, was not only Grand Master of the Horse to the Emperor-King of Hungary, and an influential member of the Table of Magnates, as the Magyar House of Peers is styled, but also the founder and director of the Imperial and Royal Science Art and Industrial Museums at Vienna and Pesth. To no one is the empire of Francis Joseph more indebted than to Count Edmund Zichy for the progress of the nation as regards art and art applied to industry. Possessed of great wealth and immense estates, he also contributed greatly to inaugurate a more enlightened and consequently productive system of agriculture in Hungary, which is the granary of Europe, and preached by example. His death, due to heart disease, was as sudden and painless as that of his old and life-long friend, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, who followed him to the grave at a few days' interval, a victim to the same insidious malady, after having, during a period of nearly forty years, acted as director of the South Kensington Museum and other kindred English Government institutions, and accomplished much the same work in Great Britain as that wrought in Austro-Hungary by Count Edmund Zichy.

There is no family whose name figures so frequently in the history of Austria and Hungary as that of Zichy, and even to this day there is a large number of Zichys who hold high office in the service of the State. One of Count Edmund's sons, Eugene, has held the post of Cabinet Minister, and is a Privy Councillor, while his nephew, Count Ceza Zichy—who is likewise a member of the Emperor's Privy Council and Director-General of the Imperial Conservatory of Music, as well as of all the imperial and royal theatres—is one of the most famous pianists of the Old World, his eminence in that respect being all the more remarkable owing to the fact that he only plays with the left hand, having lost his right arm in his youth by amputation after having been shattered by an accidental discharge of his gun. Another Zichy is Governor of Fiume and of the maritime provinces of Hungary; a fifth is Grand Cup Bearer to the sovereign of Hungary; a sixth, Cabinet Minister of Public Works; a seventh, Grand Treasurer of the Hungarian Kingdom, and so on indefinitely.

But if the Zichys have contributed in a large measure to illustrate the brightest pages of the contemporary history of their country, they have likewise furnished some of the shadows by which it is darkened. It is impossible otherwise. For in a family so numerous as the Zichys it is inevitable that there should be some black sheep whose shortcomings should appear unduly glaring by reason of the contrast between their doings and the meritorious services and eminence of their more fortunate and better-behaved relatives. Among those who have contributed their quota to this *chronique scandaleuse* of the age may be mentioned Count Hermann Zichy, who has recently been warning the public through the press that he will no longer be responsible for the debts of his actress-wife, from whom he is endeavoring to secure a divorce, and Count Ernest Zichy, too, the brother of the one-armed Count Ceza, is also airing his matrimonial misadventures in the divorce court. The countess from whom he is endeavoring to free himself is a beautiful Jewess, the daughter of the wealthy banker, Steinfeld. Her first husband had been a stockbroker named Fischl, from whom she obtained a divorce in order to marry Count Zichy. The latter, many years



COUNT EDMUND ZICHY.

her senior and the father of a daughter who is now nearly twenty years of age, was first married to a Baroness Lopresti, from whom he secured a divorce in order to marry the beautiful Israelite. In view of the difficulty in finding any ecclesiastic willing to perform the ceremony of marriage between such well-known *divorcés*, they each became converted to the Unitarian Church, and were wedded, much to the disgust and anger of the count's relatives, at the Unitarian Chapel.

## A PROFESSIONAL LIAR

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

I WAS reared in a family of the most worthy and honorable sort. My mother died when I was twelve years old, and her loss caused me acute anguish. My father was a man of strictest probity, and renowned for inflexible truthfulness. We were never what may be termed the best of friends; I never opened my heart to him as some sons do to some fathers. But I respected him with ardor, and thoroughly admired the sterling integrity of his character. Without any contemptuous hints, people used to say that we were physically quite unlike one another. It was often stated that I resembled a certain maternal uncle, whose portrait hung in our dining-room. The career of this kinsman had been socially brilliant till within a year or two of his death; but, somehow, a bad memorial odor had clung to him, and I rarely heard his name spoken without an accent of disrespect. I never just succeeded in finding out what bad thing or things he had done in the flesh; but after learning that he resembled myself, I would sometimes watch his portrait while yet a boy, and wonder if my nose and brow were really cut with so much delicate fineness, and ask my thoughts, rather deplorably, if the slope of my chin had a recession quite so abrupt.

Only a short time before my father suddenly died, he placed me in a banking-house, where my native talents quickly became of value to my employers. I had passed through college with honors; I was accepted, for my name and position, among the best fashionable cliques. An only child, I became possessed of a handsome fortune on my father's death. Seldom has fairer prospect spread before a young man in his twenty-fourth year.

I preferred to continue as a clerk in the banking-house after having become independently rich. This desire, combined with the fact of my ample inheritance, soon resulted in my promotion, and I found myself, after two more years, occupying a confidential place in the firm of Derrington & Company, which many a man twice my age might have envied. Thus far, I had stood unimpeachably well with all friends and acquaintances. I had been popular at college, and in society had held my own with easy supremacy. Friends would say of me that I was a born teller of tales; that I could amuse a group of listeners by some humorous anecdote of my own personal experiences with extraordinary freshness and spirit. This I grew to feel an undoubted truth; and slowly, by imperceptible degrees, I grew also to feel that I could often most keenly amuse my listeners, during these recitals of actual occurrences, by improvising some event which had never really taken place.

This realization at first repelled me, then fascinated and amused. I loved to watch the looks of diversion and astonishment on the faces of my listeners when I described some marvelous or incredible happening with prompt vivaciousness.

At this time I was devotedly fond of a beautiful and intelligent girl, whom I desired to make my wife. One day, while I sat beside her in the drawing-room of her parents' house, she told me that she had heard of my having stated I had looked upon the peak of Gaurisauker—the highest mountain of the Himalayas—and that, while I was gazing at it, a cobra had bitten me in the thigh, inflicting a wound from whose deadly effects certain kindly natives had almost miraculously saved me.

I felt myself flush, then pale. The impulse seized me to confess to her that I had been somewhat in wine at the time of recounting this wholly spurious episode. But a certain obstinacy laid its veto upon this admission. Instead of telling her the truth I boldly sought to lie out of it.

"In my fourteenth year," I said, rather sullenly, "I went to India."

"Yes? With your father?" she asked.

I suppressed an embarrassed cough. "Yes. With my father, of course."

"But you forget. . . My father and yours were intimate friends. He told me, only this morning, that apart from having ever visited any such remote country as India, your father had never been even in Europe but once, and then but for a comparatively brief stay."

I gnawed my lips in annoyance.

"Oh," I muttered, "so, then, you have been making inquiries as to my veracity?"

"Naturally," she said, in haughty tones. "Other people besides myself have been making similar inquiries."

"Indeed!"

A quarrel ensued. I stuck to my lie, even in the teeth of overpowering facts. Then I left the house, preyed upon by gloomy fury, and the next day I wrote her a letter full of penitential confession. But she never forgave me, and, six months afterward, she became the wife of a man whom I had always disliked—a man who had been present at the supper where I had told my Munchausen snake-story.

This rebuff taught me a terrible lesson. And yet, deeply though I suffered from it, the lesson did not prove permanent. I firmly decided never again to speak the faintest semblance of an untruth, and kept my determination for an entire year. Then I found that my company was not half so much desired as of old. I perceived, too, that a distinct gift of anecdote was being hampered in me by this same rigid adherence to veracity. On the other hand, my mendacious trend had never been in the vaguest way injurious to my fellow-creatures. It might have lost me my sweetheart (for which reason I had pathetically resolved upon a future life of celibacy), but it had never won me a real definable foe.

People still called me witty and amusing. That they should rate me as both proved irresistibly pleasant; for the zest of social success, of making an impression, had long ago proffered me its most perilous lures.

One evening, at a dinner-party where some clever talkers and thinkers were congregated, I found myself assailed by severe temptation. I had been describing an odious metropolitan suburb which circumstance had forced me, that same afternoon, to visit. I had sketched the big, white geese, phantasmally strutting along the cobble-stoned street; the bearded and foraging goats, with their shameless appetites for the latest sheet of theatrical lithograph emblazoned gaudily on the coarse board fences; the obese and slipshod German beer-sellers grinning or yawning at the doorways of their shabby hostleries. My comments were keen and striking; they raised many laughs; but, somehow, not that one sort of laugh, louder and more jocund, which my vanity craved. Suddenly it occurred to me that if I should narrate some fictitious experience over there in that God-forsaken purlieu I might achieve superbly triumphant results. A kind of dizzying willfulness caught hold of me. In a few more minutes I had become the hero of a romance narrated with graphic intensity. I had dropped into one of the dingy saloons, athirst for a glass of beer, and had been mistaken by an immensely fat Teuton lady for the evil-souled "city gent" who had recently followed and ogled her adored and only daughter on one of the ferry-boats plying between New York and this horrid riverside settlement. . . My dauntless bit of invention was hailed with shrieks of mirth. It is probable that nearly all my listeners believed firmly in the moving drama of this ridiculous tale.

On that evening I fell; and ever since I have yielded to the captivation of lying. Long ago I have been found out as a liar, and have proportionately lost caste. Still, I have never been ostracized, because I have never lied maliciously. My clubs have not dreamed of either expelling or reprimanding me, nor has society, in the larger sense, turned upon me its cold shoulder. I am, indeed, received with courtesy in not a few of the selectest houses. But I understand my position perfectly. Everybody takes *cum grano* everything that I say. I am regarded as a kind of incarnate amusement, a personable and gentleman-like buffoon. Once I took a trip into the West, before it had been so universally explored as now, and came back with glowing and absolutely truthful accounts of the Colorado cañons, the Big Trees, the Yosemite Valley. But nobody believed more than half that I told him. For this, and no doubt for other mystic temperamental reasons, my reform has become impossible. I lie picturesquely; I lie solemnly. I lie amusingly; I lie depressingly. It might be said of me that I lie eating, drinking, walking, sitting or standing. For that matter, I lie in almost every conceivable way except slanderously. This, in my present rather aged and wholly incorrigible state, is my sole consolation. If you should ask me why in Heaven's name I don't leave off lying, I fear I should be forced to refer you to the confirmed opium-eater or dram-drinker. My vice is surely just as incurable as theirs, and I can only hope that it is less repulsive and distressing to my fellow-creatures.

Mr. Parakay—"These two seats you gave me are in different rows, one behind the other."

Ticket Seller—"One seat is for a lady, is it not?"

Mr. Parakay—"Yes."

Ticket Seller—"Well, that's all right, then. You are expected to sit behind the lady, and if you bring one with a big hat it's your own fault. That's the way we sell 'em now."

Mrs. Isaacs—"Wake up, Isaac; a burglar is trying to get in."

Mr. Isaacs—"Vell, wait till he opens der window, undt den I shoot."

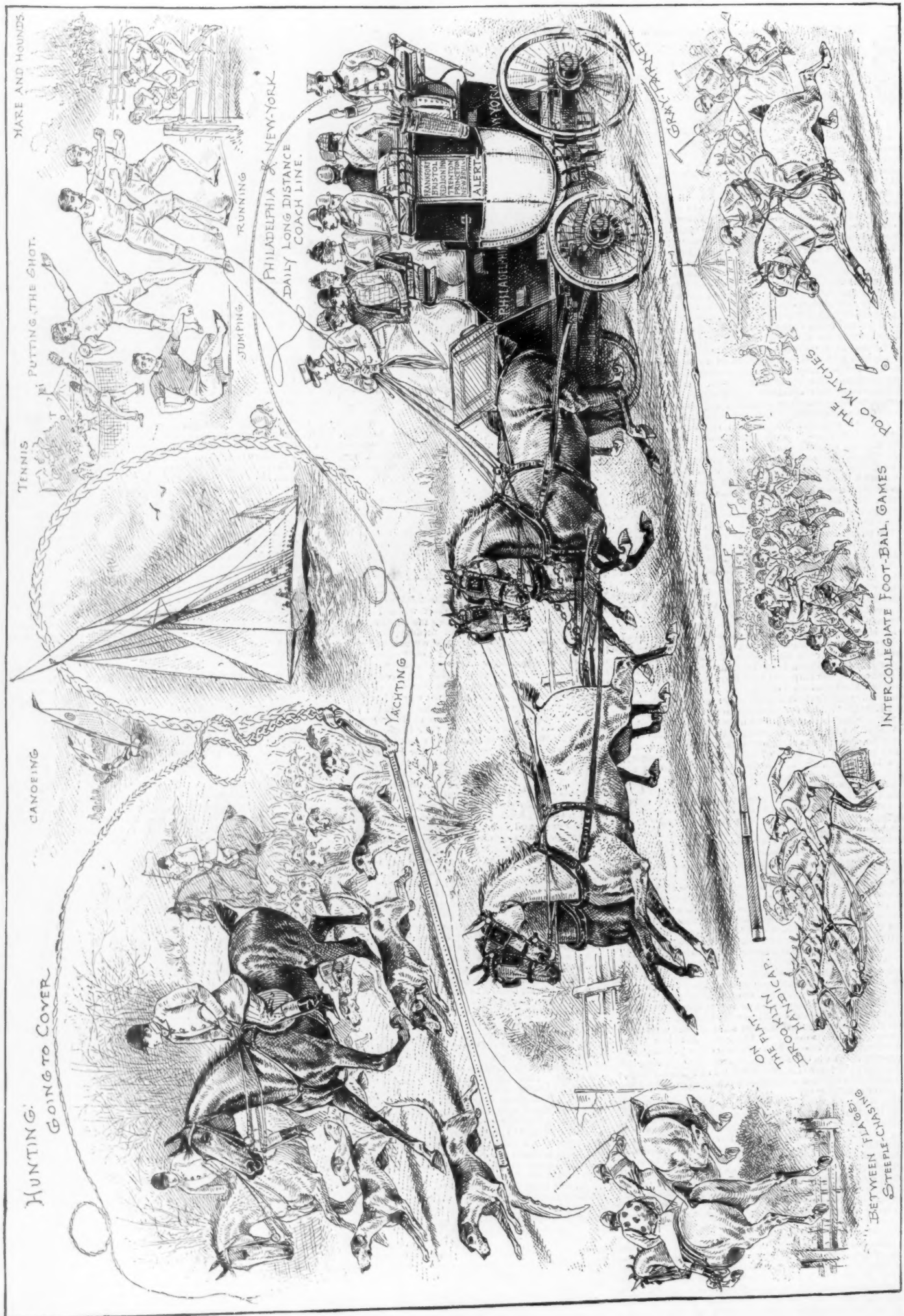
Mrs. Isaacs—"Vy don't you shoot now?"

Mr. Isaacs—"Vat! undt break a pane or glass?"

## THE JUDGE AND THE COLONEL.

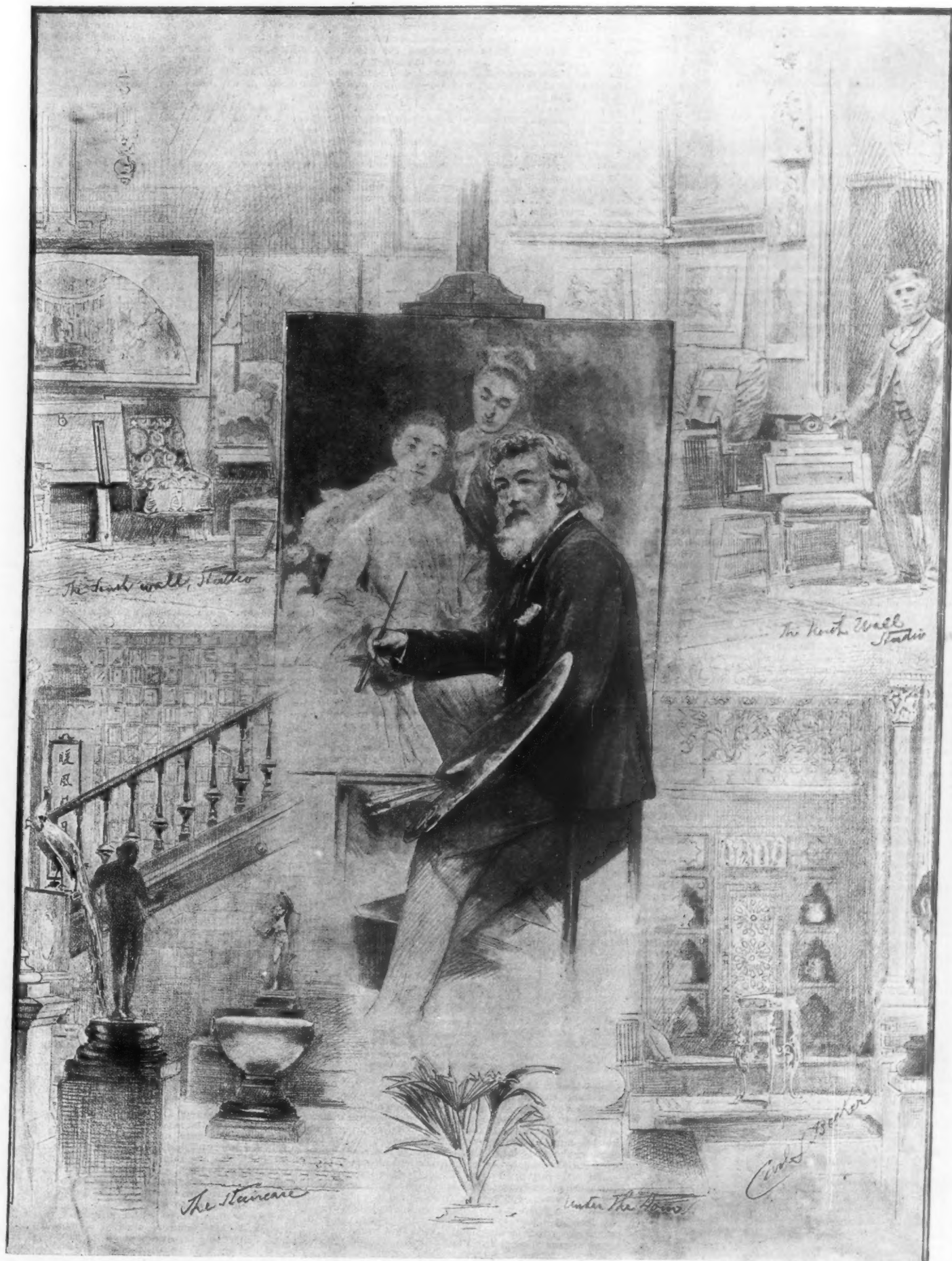
THEIR opinion of Colorado, its resources, present and future development. For copy of this valuable pamphlet write S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent, Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.





SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE COMING SEASON.





THE GREAT ENGLISH PAINTER, SIR FRED. LEIGHTON, IN HIS STUDIO.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by CARL BECKER.)

(See page 12.)

## A RONDEAU OF LOVE AND SPRING.

Has Spring come back? Is this the May  
That makes the air so bland to-day?  
The violets are glad to know—  
The waiting flowers begin to blow—  
Green things are blithe along the way.  
"What happy spell," I hear them say,  
"Has turned the bleak days into May?"  
Each to the other: "Do you know?"  
Has Spring come back?"  
Ah! Love it is who warms the day,  
And turns the Winter into May—  
And happy things begin to grow,  
Made glad by Love's own overflow,  
And answer to his agent ray—  
"Spring has come back."

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF MAPLE SUGAR.

NO tree of the forest is more characteristic of American life than the Maple. Particularly throughout the Northeastern States is it the common tree of the woodland and hillside; and in Canada its popularity is shown by its being chosen as a national emblem. The scientific name, *Acer*, is very fitting, as it signifies ancient, or mature, vigorous strength; for whoever has traveled through this part of the country must have noted the hardy strength and immense size of these patriarchs of our own farms, which adorn the American landscape with as much picturesque grace as the oaks do the English parks. Wherever a veteran of this family of trees has had an opportunity to breathe the air and sunlight of the open field or border of the woods, and has been permitted to acquire rugged symmetry by resisting the blasts from every point of the compass for a generation of time, there you will find a monarch of Nature whose silver-gray is clothed in the daintiest tints of foliage two-thirds of the year.

In the fall the maple outvies all others in making the autumn scenery gorgeous with the bright hues of its frost-bitten foliage.

The tree is not only a symbol of strength and beauty, but its use as a rich finishing wood is well known in the elegant bird's-eye maple so popular in interior furnishing; while as a fuel, where wood is burned, nothing can discount the rock-maple for steady, lasting heat. Although not a fruit bearer, it enters more generally into the nature of a food-producer than any other tree of the American forest, maple sugar and syrup being a well-known product of the life-blood of these vigorous giants of Nature, prepared by the labor of our equally hardy and robust New England farmers.

Perhaps at this season a little knowledge of the manufacture of this luxury, so delicious to the taste, will not be amiss, since there is some misunderstanding about the industry, because at the season when it occupies the time of the farmer very few city guests are in the country; hence the veracity of the enterprising grocer, who advertises "New Maple Sugar" in December, goes unquestioned, while the confectioner's faithful clerk resents the inquiry whether his maple sugar "is made in Vermont," indorsing its genuineness by the artless assurance that "we make it ourselves," and to the initiated it often seems to be a correct statement.

The real maple sugar, however, is only made after the severity of the winter is past and the warmer days and frosty nights cause the sap of the wood and roots to resume the circulation, which, later on, brings the foliage from the bursting buds of spring. The sap, which flows through the trunk at this season, carries in solution a large percentage of saccharine matter, which retains more or less of its vegetable flavor after being deprived by boiling of the large amount of water in which it is dissolved. This sap circulates in the lighter colored sap-wood just inside the bark, which is made up of the annual rings of later years' growth, surrounding the darker colored and more solid heart of the tree. To reach this product the farmer, after a few days of milder, sunny weather, when the snow is softening and the winter seems about to break up, then takes his bit or small auger and goes forth to tap the trees of his "sugar orchard."

Usually two holes about four inches apart are made in the tree at a convenient height from the ground with a three-quarter-inch bit, and deep enough beyond the

In order to secure this fluid various spouts have been devised to convey the sap a convenient distance from the bark so as to have it drop freely into a bucket without waste. Tin spouts are an invention of recent years, and take the place of the home-made ones of more primitive use, which were of wood, sometimes whittled from a square stick of soft wood, split and grooved the greater part of its length, having a square shoulder rounded at the end to fit the cavity in the bark of the tree and pierced with a hot iron. The usual kind are made of sticks of the sumac-tree, cut of various lengths and split to the shoulder of the spout, with the pith removed by a hot iron. The end is then whittled down to the size of the puncture in the tree. When these are driven into the tree they protect the fresh-cut wood from being dried up by the air, and afford free exit for the sap which accumulates inside, and, flowing out, drops from the tip with varying rapidity, according to the weather and the location of the tree. Cold, freezing nights and warm, sunny days favor the flow, while cloudy days are not so good, and a south wind will soon stop the running of the sap, although it will start again when the weather changes, unless the interval is long enough to dry up or scar over the cut in the sap-wood. Trees standing exposed to the sun are usually more productive than others. Sugar-places on the north and south slopes of a hill are usually a week or two apart in the date of the sugar season, a southern slope being much earlier. The receptacles for the sap have changed greatly since the early days of our forefathers. Short slabs of wood hollowed out with an ax into rough trays are relics of those days, and are still used among the Canadian woodsmen. The early cooper's trade flourished under the patronage



A MODERN SUGAR HOUSE.

of this industry, and developed various forms of tubs or buckets, from the awkward kind—large at the bottom and suspended from a hole in a long stave projecting above the contracted top—to the compact, neat shapes, which fit into each other when not in use, and are painted inside and out. Tin buckets, however, have the preference now for cleanliness, compactness and lightness. These buckets are sometimes set upon the ground at the base of the tree, or upon stones for better support; but more generally are hung upon nails driven into the trees a few inches below the spouts. Usually one bucket is placed at each tree, but sometimes two or three at large, vigorous trees. The sap is gathered up from the buckets every morning when it is running well, and twice a day, if likely to go to waste during the night. The gathering is, in many places, hard work, as the sugar orchards are generally on very rough ground, and frequently quite inaccessible except with a steady, sure-footed ox-team and a short, low sled. Upon this a large hogshead or sap-holder is securely chained, and the farm hands, equipped with wooden sap-yokes upon their shoulders, from which two pairs depend, start upon their daily round. The pleasure of this work is varied; sometimes they are favored with a smooth, hard-frozen snow-crust, and



GATHERING SAP.

again, they will slump in to the knee at every other step upon the deceptive surface. In some places this labor is lightened by running spouts down through the sugar-places to the sugar-house where the sap is boiled.

In the old times the sap was boiled in large iron kettles, hung like witch-pots upon crooked sticks; but these gave way to large, shallow, square sheet-iron pans, set in brick or temporary stonework, and affording more rapid evaporation. Yankee ingenuity soon improved on this method, and now the modern sugar-house has a large tank at the rear for the sap, from which it is piped into a large pan where it is heated to boiling and then drawn off into an evaporator, which is a long open pan with partitions running alternately from side to side, forming a zigzag channel from end to end. The evaporator is slightly inclined, and gates govern the flow through this channel, so that the boiling sap, entering at one end, runs through the length of the pan over a hot fire until it is ready to be drawn off in a syrup at the other end. This syrup is thin enough to be strained through a three-cornered bag of flannel, and is then ready to be "sugared-off," or boiled down to a marketable syrup or sugar. This is frequently done by the housewife in the kitchen, and requires constant attention to keep it from boiling over. To partially prevent this a piece of butter is added, that, like oil on troubled waters, it may keep the restless fluid from overflowing the large galvanized pan in which it is generally boiled and stirred.

The days of "sugaring off" frequently bring together a sugar party to enjoy the sweets, which are best when fresh from the pan. On these occasions the creamy scum, or duff, which rises from the constantly bubbling mass, rivals in popularity the saucers of hot, honey-like syrup; and later on, when it is thick enough, the candied sugar as it solidifies when dropped upon a pan of snow. The quality of the sugar has improved with the modern facilities, and even now varies with the management and care of the sap and syrup. Stirring also whitens the sugar, and if stirred constantly until it grains in the kettle, it will make dry, fine-grained, light-colored sugar; but if left to solidify itself, it will make hard, crystalline cake-sugar, such as is sold in tubs or run in molds for market purposes. The syrup is now generally shipped in tall, square tin cans, holding a gallon each.

The farmer of the present time delights to show an article which is nearly white in its purity. The city buyer, however, passes this by and selects a grade having more color and a stronger maple flavor. The maple sugar industry has flourished more generally during the last few years. The small remuneration for the days and nights of hard labor and exposure to the dampness around the roaring fires of the sugar camp hardly compensated them for the work before the profits were increased by legislation.

## BOARDERS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.

WHY is it that people who "board" do so in an apologetic attitude, as if they held several chronic mental reservations in accepting that mode of life? Many assume an air of transientness, though they really have no prospect of, or even desire for, what is known as "a little place of one's own." And what condition of mind makes them blind to the advantages of the plan adopted, and prevents them from acknowledging that they board to avoid the discomforts of such a home as their means would justify? The fact remains that in thus boarding they obtain larger rooms, more varied fare and better attendance than could possibly be theirs in an individual dwelling at the same or much increased cost. Why they receive these benefits in an unthankful spirit is a mystery to an unprejudiced mind.

City life in the nineteenth century has rendered "Home" a luxury for the extremely rich or a necessity for the very poor. To the one it offers endless possibilities of ideal completeness; for the other, domestic labor is lightened by aid of modern tenement-house conveniences, and rigid economies rendered practicable. Flats have offered a compromise attended with more or less success; but a floor is not a Home in full bloom that signifies the exclusive dwelling with back-yard and front stoop of one's "ownest own."

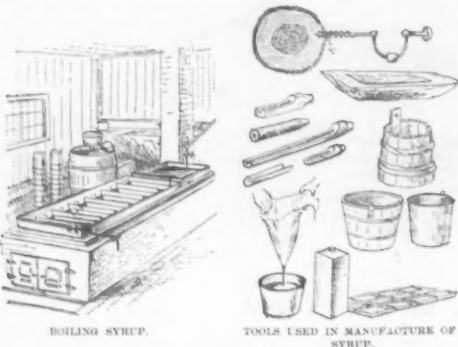
There remains a large class who board. Boarding-houses have (like the poor mother-in-law) long afforded a favorite theme for derisive humor; stale jokes of the "hash" and "spring-chicken" flavor are yet extant, and to the landlady—well! her pitiful picture is drawn in pitiless lines. Still the boarding-house flourishes and extends. All systems have their development in the demand of the period. The present has evolved the boarding-house.

"Why?" do you ask? Because, as a race, we strongly incline to co-operative measures; the work of the many to be done by the few; consolidation, specialty and monopoly. Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" seems a plausible, practical state of social affairs, if we will but intelligently look forward. The individual *minage*, with its constant occupation and apparently trivial accomplishment—unless the woman in the case has only domestic capability—is a weariness to her flesh and a distress to her spirit. A genius might, by aid of imagination, elevate pots and pans to the dignity of altar vessels, idealizing her personal immolation to the prosaic into a noble ministration at the Household Shrine. But the average woman, unstained by inner enthusiasm and possessed of natural craving for the outwardly dainty, perceives a tread-mill routine of work always begun and never ended, for which she receives feeble commendation. The family servant is a memory of the past, and the domestic known in England as "generals," difficult to obtain and impossible to keep. Many a home's sunshine is utterly clouded by the disease of "servant-girl-on-the-brain" attacking its mistress.

To the question of escape from this ailment, as well as from a fire-building, dish-washing and bed-making existence, the boarding-house offers a plain solution. There the wheels of the heat-generating and food-producing machines are unseen; the effectual working is shown by an atmosphere of pervading warmth and occasional whiffs, more or less savory, by which the coming bill of fare is announced from the regions of the unknown.

One can be a good Christian, too, and literally "take no thought for the morrow what ye shall eat," and as for raiment, a wife has time to adorn herself, "as a bride for her husband," her temper serene, her hands soft and white, her mind full of welcome and free from anxious forebodings. She knows her partner cannot wound her by sarcastic comments upon her culinary experiments, comparing hers with the pies and cakes his "mother used to make."

Having dined, there is leisure for chat, music, books, a walk, lecture, concert, theatre, opera, no household cares distracting the minds of either, or demanding the service of one. From this fact alone the boarding-house should prove the promoter of conjugal happiness and insure the continuance of delicate marital attentions, so frequently ended with the honeymoon tour. Say what one may about the force of an approving conscience, inner satisfaction, highest motives and such like, average mortals generally have one mental eye fixed upon the approbation of their fellow-men. No matter what outside business worries may cloud a man's good nature, he dares not be a surly brute when the eyes of a household (not his own) behold him! The "unconscious restraint" of strangers was once the wise prescription of an eminent physician for a nervous patient whose



BOILING SYRUP.

TOOLS USED IN MANUFACTURE OF SYRUP.

bark to insure a ready flow of the sap—probably about two inches deep. If all is favorable the sap immediately begins to flow from the wound and collects as a thin, almost colorless fluid, resembling rain-water in appearance, and sweet to the taste.



mysterical condition had been fed by the long-suffering sympathy of her indulgent family. It might be difficult to conjecture how many meals which might have been the scene of petulant or sulky disturbance if eaten in the vaulted "seclusion of home," have been changed to a peace-begetting event by that unwritten law of general courtesy among fellow-boarders, compelling the conquest of, instead of indulgence in, ill-humor. The same might be said regarding the softer sex—for business women recognize the expediency of the boarding-house—and diverse and temper-trying are their experiences in the world of trade which they have invaded.

All women, despite contrary tradition, are not by vocation home-makers or home-keepers; but the womanly one who loves her "ain fireside" will create in two, or even one room, by exercise of personal taste, as distinctive an atmosphere of home as she could in a fine country villa or city house.

The careless sloven, or non-domestic wife, daughter or *femme sile*, fortunately has a less extended field for her unfruitful operations. There is a beautiful vine on a wall opposite the room wherein I write, in which, during the summer, scores of happy sparrows have rested and nested. I likened it to a boarding-house: each pair had their own snug nest, yet their shelter had but one roof. When kind neighbors threw out crumbs upon the extension roofs, down they all flocked, just as if the dinner-bell had been rung. On one corner of the house roof they often congregate, exchanging ideas and chirping songs—gossiping a bit, it may be, just as in a boarding-house home.

For there are boarding-houses which are homes, where people abide and pass their lives, even sometimes daring to die; and then the house is hushed, and the hearts of its inmates draw near to one another, softened by a common sorrow, exchanging words of comfort, illustrating the universal brotherhood of humanity. The last touching chapter of our precious "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," stands to rebuke the age in its accustomed sneer at the boarding-house as a soil barren of the fruit of human affection and sympathy.

People who fancy the heart is a plant that will only blossom into fragrant flowers of "peace and good-will" in the earthen home pot surrounded by its "own" dirt, should remember the race of orchids, which throw out their roots in the air, requiring merely a bit of bark to hang from. Yet what blooms can exceed theirs in delicacy of tint and perfection of shape? Boarders may represent the orchids of the human family. Certain it is that among the middle class—so far as money marks class in our Republic—who board, may be discovered rare examples of culture, artistic taste and ability, and the noble natures that should accompany active brains. Of course, there are varieties in the boarder class, just as there are of landladies. Of the latter, distrust the kind who take guests as company; select rather the one who avowedly does it as a business, shrewdly understanding that her best interests lie in just dealings—diplomatic as to sight or hearing, and chary of favors. As for boarders—one can learn to board as well as to keep house: the Golden Rule and Arthur Helps' essay on the "Art of Living with Others" would prove to be educational aids in this direction. Good-breeding and kind-heartedness show in no other sphere with more distinctness.

Women, so often generous, are seldom just, and all love a bargain, whether it relates to the price of a bonnet or the rate of board. They are rarely able rightly to estimate what is their due by the price they pay. It is generally the upper floor lower-priced boarder who grumbles most loudly at the fare, and oftentimes changes from house to house. When boarders attempt light housekeeping, as they sometimes do, for a change "to have just what they like," it is amusing to note the meagre and restricted fare which then contents their palate and suits their purse when they discover each added item means an added outlay! This class should make trial of the London lodging-house system, which is praised for its isolation from other people, and the fact that you "only pay for what you have," and, alas! have only what you pay for, with endless items. Perhaps if the dissatisfied boarder would indulge in a mathematical calculation of just how much money he or she paid for the meal regarded as niggardly, and which includes everything pertaining to the preparation and service thereof, the wonder might be, not that so little, but so much, was offered for choice.

Never having believed personally to that "glorious army of martyrs" known as landladies, my own calculations, made on a "put-yourself-in-their-place" basis, have never told me how they manage it at all, without brain fever or bankruptcy, or both! A synopsis of the Advantages of the Boarding-House system might read thus:

1st, Health: open-air exercise always possible. The idea is exploded that housework is healthful to delicately-nurtured women. Noted physicians declare none such should sweep or inhale dust, overheat herself or eat just after the labor of cooking.

2d, Wealth: represented by a settled outlay for current expenses. It is wealth to live within and poverty to live beyond one's means.

3d, Comfort: i.e., better surroundings and larger rooms than a limited income allows—and freedom from a Bridget or Dinah tyranny.

4th, Independence: society does not force you to a formal "dear five hundred friends" on a visiting list, and you have a chance to enjoy those whose names are recorded on your heart.

5th, Convenience: for travel or change, if needed, without continued regular expenses at home.

6th, Leisure: not idleness, but for harmonious pursuits, study, or the exercise of any favorite art.

7th, Happiness: for surely such ought to be the result of a lively appreciation of the preceding possible benefits of boarding-house life.

But there are those, we are told, who would refuse to be happy, even in Heaven!

E. L. HARDENBROOK.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

## LITERARY LIGHTS OF BOSTON

BY LIDIA CHURCHILL.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.



OW shall you recognize Edward Everett Hale?" said a Boston man to an inquiring acquaintance. "Just stand on Washington Street till a man passes whom you would naturally think was John the Baptist, reincarnated and exactly reproduced, and you may be certain that your eyes have beheld the author of 'A Man Without a Country.'"

The answer was a comprehensive one, and by it one might verily recognize the divine, the author, the lecturer, the journalist, who is one of proud Boston's proudest boasts.

Not only in his flowing hair, his shaggy beard, and in the Oriental look which the cape or shawl—which is his favorite outside garment—gives him, does Dr. Hale resemble the preacher of the Syrian wilderness. Like him, he is eternally busy making straight paths for the Lord. He has a many-sided personality. There are so many of him, so to speak, and one is quite ready to declare him most efficient and satisfactory in one capacity till he sees him in another. Every Sunday finds him in the pulpit of his beautiful church on Exeter Street, where he invariably delivers a sermon which sends his hearers out into the week before them with the feeling that they must gird up their loins, take their staves in their hands, and go about some practical work for man's betterment and their own. A text from which he repeatedly preaches is: "Here am I, Lord. Send me." Personally, he never waits to be sent, but goes voluntarily. One might readily believe that Whittier had him in mind when he wrote:

"True as the knights of story,  
Sir Launcelot and his peers,  
Brave in his calm endurance  
As they in the tilt of spears."

The sword of this Bayard of Boston is never sheathed, but slashes with steady, well-studied thrusts at all forms of false economy, misused energies, social and political tyrannies, and pushes aside with its reverse edge everything possible which bars the way to oppressed, timid or tender feet. Dr. Hale is a realist without being a materialist. His field is the world. With an intellectual and poetic mind which appreciates all beauty in the realm of literature and art, he still possesses a ruggedness of character and an executive ability which his keen interest in all humanity and human progress leads him to vigorously and continuously apply. While every one of his pulpit discourses is a prose-poem, it has in it that which fires one to build more stately mansions for his soul by laying unbroken bricks of daily character, and performing every-day duties in a royal way. He employs no literary fireworks which are used alone for their dazzling effect, but a natural eloquence which burns into the heart as must have burned the words of those who were touched by the Pentecostal flames.

It is difficult to realize that this man, who is to-day one of the strongest pulses in Boston's great system of vital forces, should remember when a steamer from England brought thirty-five days' news, when it took three days for a letter to go from Boston to Washington, when there was no express line from the city, and only one or two steamers in the harbor, and when his father was considered almost a lunatic for advocating a railroad between the East and the West. The home of Dr. Hale is in Roxbury, one of Boston's nearest suburbs, in a large, straw-colored house, with a wide, woodbine-covered veranda. Here he has his study, from which flows out, in a stream constantly increasing in volume, that many-branched river of literary work which only an intellectual giant of large versatility could produce. Mrs. Hale is a niece of Henry Ward Beecher, and a woman of earnest character and high ideals. Of the five children of Dr. Hale, two are artists of acknowledged talent. Miss Helen Day Hale has studied much in Paris, in whose Salon she has exhibited. The paintings of herself and her brother were noticeable at the World's Fair, as others have been at Boston and New York exhibitions.

The two sisters of the great divine, Miss Lucretia and Miss Susan Hale, are among the most sought-for women in Boston. Their gentle womanliness and brilliant conversational powers, combined with their literary attainments, secure for them an enviable position. The entire Hale family is characterized by extraordinary gifts, unusual executive ability, and a charming manner, which is the blossom of sincere good-will and constant social contact.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

As familiar a sight to the dweller in modern Athens as the Old South Church or the gilded dome of the State House is the tall form of the soldier, the author, the reformer, the philanthropist, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who can give the most telling thrusts at the sins, the weaknesses and the follies of his fellow-men, while feeling the most tender charity for those whose deeds he thus condemns. Colonel Higginson stands as a staunch advocate of progress and reform. The abolition of American slavery was a matter of mighty moment to him, and he threw against it all the weight of his logic and his army service. The full political enfranchisement of woman is something for which he has for years made an earnest and much-availing fight. His practically demonstrated ethics are what the sword of the Lord was in the hands of Gideon, carrying confusion into the ranks of the unrighteous, and hewing down sophistries as frost cuts off flowers. The valiant colonel is himself a slave, however, albeit his chains are silken ones, and he wears his fetters rapturously. The sovereign who so powerfully wields his sceptre over him is his daisy-named young daughter, Margaret, whose photograph he constantly carries in his pocket, and who, a few years ago, inspired his sweet poem, "A Baby Sorcerer."

JULIA WARD HOWE.

A woman in whom an exquisite ancient stateliness and grace of manner is accompanied by the most modern thought and vital interest in all existing conditions and circumstances of contemporary life, is she who, in the days of our deepest darkness, saw "the glory of the coming of the Lord," and who gave to our literature that gem, as brilliant as a polished diamond, as finished as a Damascus blade, as glowing as a Northern sunset, and to our nation its stateliest war-song—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic." There is no suggestion of age about Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, with the exception of the lovely snow-white hair, which renders more beautiful still a face too high-bred to be haughty, and refined with a long culture of the heart as well as of the intellect. In spite of her seventy-six years, Mrs. Howe visited the Columbian Exposition, and frequently takes long journeys that she may speak at some convention or other assembly where her words will help in the furtherance of some good cause. She is president of the New England Woman's Club, and actively interested in other institutions. She ranked as an effective member with that fearless company, including Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone, Lydia Maria Child and Elizabeth B. Chace, who so nobly and persistently consecrated their time and talents and means to the welfare of the slave; and among the voices which now plead for woman's entire liberty in all the affairs of life her silvery tones ring out with no uncertain enunciation. The winter home of Mrs. Howe is on Beacon Street, Boston. Her summers, when she does not go abroad, are spent in her lovely little villa on Union Street, Newport, where her usual companions are her daughters, Mrs. Laura Richards and

MRS. MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT.

wife of the artist, John Elliott. Mrs. Elliott is the author of "A Newport Aquarelle," a study of life at the gay watering-place, which, at the time of its publication, in 1883, created something very like a sensation. Mrs. Elliott has written other noticeable things, which have appeared in book-form and in various magazines. She has of late years devoted much of her time to humanitarian purposes. Two years ago she studied the work of the Salvation Army with General Booth, in England, and became a warm supporter of the Army methods. Her parlor talks on these methods awakened the interest of some of the most thoughtful minds in Boston. Like Rachel, Mrs. Elliott is "well favored, and fair to look upon," and possesses a very graceful form.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who easily ranks with the foremost American poets, lives in a handsome house on Rutland Square, which locality was, a few years ago, the fashionable centre of the Boston which now, for the most part, spreads its cloth of gold and erects its silken tents within the charmed precincts of the fashionable Back Bay. Mrs. Moulton leads the dual life of the author and the social leader. She remains in Boston only during the winter. In the early spring she visits her daughter, who is married, and living in South Carolina. She usually returns to Boston in May, and immediately sails for England, where she remains till late autumn. She receives on Fridays, and her receptions are a notable social feature of the season; for in her parlors are found, talking together in harmonious groups, not only Boston's wisest and most brilliant people, but distinguished visitors from all parts of the world. In London, Mrs. Moulton is no less popular than in Boston, and counts her friends by the hundreds. On her first appearance there George Eliot, Browning, Swinburne, Kingslake, Doré and other noted people were invited to meet her at a lunch given her by Lord Houghton. Her receptions there call together the wit and wisdom of the city of fogs and fashion, and America shines in the reflected light of her literary planet. Mrs. Moulton was born in Connecticut, a State rich in the production of genius, which gave to us a Beecher, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the only P. T. Barnum, and other celebrities. She grew up amid the sweet country stillness of Pomfret, an ancestor of hers having been one of the ten English gentlemen who settled the town in colonial days. One of the friends of her childhood was the poet, Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, who was at one time engaged to Edgar Allen Poe, of whom, in after years, she often spoke to her young companion-poet. One better likes to think of Mrs. Moulton as the poet than as the social leader. It is, indeed, difficult for the observing reader of her poems to regard her in the light of a society woman at all. She herself says of her verse: "It is the inevitable part—that which expresses the real me."

Her passionate love-songs have an intense thrill and throb, a musical sadness and madness which intoxicates the consciousness and sends the blood coursing through the veins like red wine. Her less strong, but sweeter, lyrics sing themselves in minor chords, and remind one of robins chanting in the rain, violets beaten by the storm, the undertone of waves after a gale. There sounds through all her songs a voice crying with a pathetic plaintiveness, a stress and might of passion which can never make itself understood. Mrs. Moulton's personality suggests the Southern lands. Her drooping glance, the minor cadence in her tones, the half-languid grace of her movements do not belong to alert America. Mr. Moulton, formerly a well-known publisher, has now retired from business, and spends his days quietly among his books.—(See page 12.)

A TRANS-POSITION.

Smythe—"I understand your son plays football?"  
Tompkins—"Yes; he's full back."  
Smythe—"Well, mine doesn't play; but I notice that when he attends a game he generally comes back full."

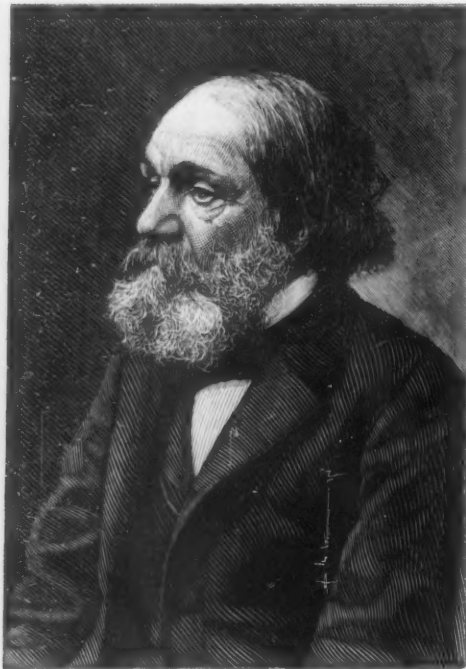
### MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.



## SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON AT HOME.

ACCORDING to London papers, the Royal Academy dinner at Burlington House this year is expected to be one of the most brilliant on record. Royalty will be strongly represented, and invitations to the ornaments of literature, science and music will be more numerous than usual. In the interest of readers of *ONCE A WEEK*, I will endeavor to portray, by pen and pencil, not that great gathering of rank, celebrity and wealth, but the man, and his magnificent house, who now for many years has so successfully and gracefully presided over, and acted the host at, this annual celebration—Sir Frederick Leighton. No master of ceremonies at any of the great European courts



REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., LL.D.  
(See page 11.)

could conduct this function with greater tact and exquisite grace and etiquette than this great courtier and artist. Sir Frederick Leighton is, first of all, a gentleman *comme il faut*. His handsome face, person and bearing speak of extreme refinement, and his beautiful house is the ideal abode of a Prince among Painters. In the centre of a large artist colony in Kensington, in Holland Park Road, Sir Frederick Leighton's house stands in its own grounds. The exterior of this red brick mansion is only made conspicuous by the immense studio window on its northern side. A ring and a knock at the entrance door is answered by a little, old, but very dignified butler, who admits the visitor to a small square entrance hall.

Carefully scrutinizing the card or letter of introduction presented, he requests the applicant for audience to be seated. Even here in this unpretentious, rather sombre hall, you feel conscious that you have entered the house of an artist. One or two exquisite bronzes on pedestals, some bas-reliefs and framed cartoons on the walls, the mosaic floor, the Gobelin portière—all bear evidence of artistic taste, yet everything in form and color is extremely simple and subdued. Perhaps the owner planned this arrangement in order to enhance the effect of what is hidden behind the portière when it is raised by the old faithful servant, who now, with a deep bow, placid smile and scarcely audible voice, tells you of his master's pleasure to receive you, and ushers you into a veritable scene of unsurpassed beauty and splendor.



MR. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

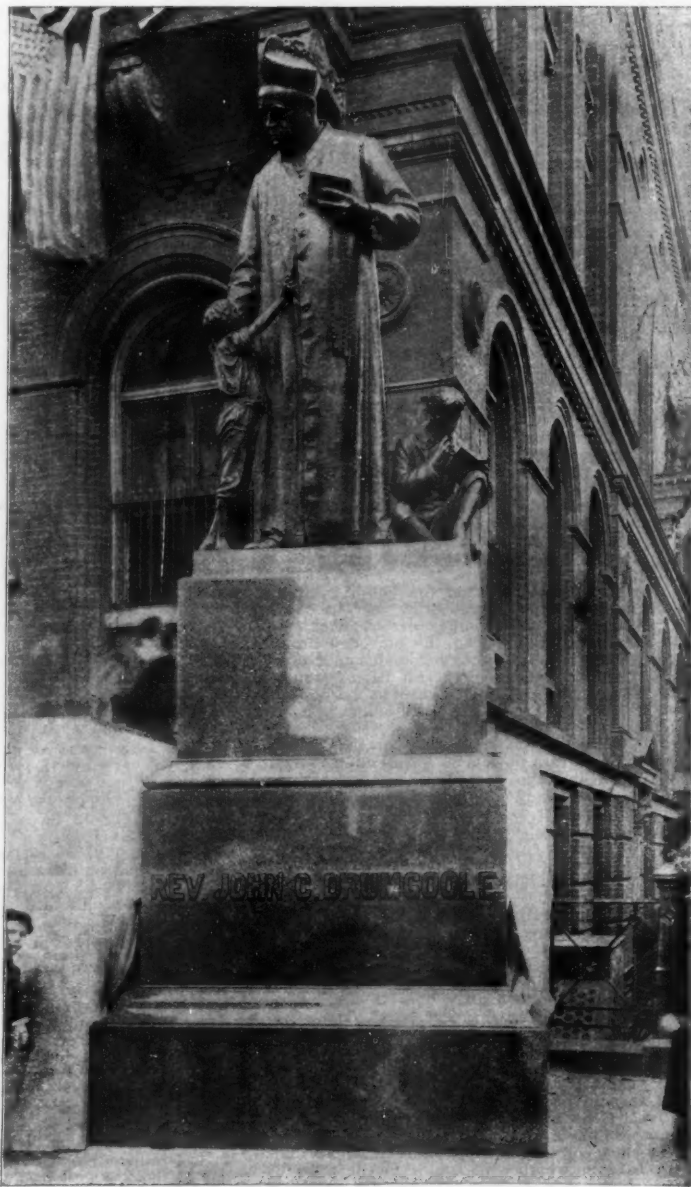
For a moment one stands as transfixed on the threshold of these magnificent surroundings. The deep silence prevailing all through the house is broken only by the musical splash of a fountain playing in the centre of all this truly beautiful and harmonious *tout ensemble*. A lofty dome spreads its yellow light through an exquisitely stained glass roof over an inner hall with staircase and Oriental court. Form and color combine to produce what the owner's artistic taste and feeling meant it to be—a veritable *chef d'œuvre* of architectural beauty and mural decoration. I was scarcely conscious of the presence of Sir Frederick Leighton, who had entered as I stood spell-bound in admiration. "Yes, it is a pretty house," he smilingly replied, after a few courteous words of welcome, to my many exclamations of wonder and delight. "So you wish to sketch me at my easel and some parts of the interior of the house for an American illustrated paper? I will gladly give you the sittings you require. After this, make yourself at home, and my butler will give you all necessary assistance and facility in inspecting and delineating any part of my house you may desire. I am well aware what an art loving and patronizing people Americans are; some of my most important works have found a welcome home in America."

I made three different, and, I believe, successful sketches of Sir Frederick Leighton, and the one produced was selected by himself as the most successful of the three. Sir Frederick Leighton's studio is a very large one—really two studios made into one—divided by large tapestry hangings, and the light is admitted by a very large window, taking in nearly the whole of the northern side and regulated by blinds of various sizes and opacity. The walls are covered with casts, sketches and drawings, magnificent draperies and tapestries. Lounges, chairs and carved tables of exquisite workmanship are in snug corners, and along the sides of the large room, strewn about in artistic disorder, drawings, bric-a-brac, magnificently-bound volumes, costly carpets and rugs cover the floor, and easels of all sizes stand scattered about with pictures in various states of progress. Sir Frederick prefers to work at intervals at his many works on hand, instead of confining himself to one special subject.

After having finished my sittings, Sir Frederick Leighton bade me adieu, and again offered me free use and access to all his house contained, recommending me to the care of the afore-mentioned butler. Whoever has visited Sir Frederick will remember this old, faithful retainer and confidential servant (Simon, if I



MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.  
(See page 11.)



STATUE OF FATHER DRUMGOOLE, AT GREAT JONES STREET AND LAFAYETTE PLACE.  
UNVEILED APRIL 15.

remember right, is his name). Simon is a perfect original in his way, and certainly the right man in the right place, believing in his master, his greatness and his art—Sir Frederick's that is (and in his, Simon's, own importance).

Once when Sir Frederick had painted a portrait of himself, by request, for the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, he asked Simon what he thought of the portrait as a likeness. "Sir Frederick, the portrait is more like you than you are yourself," was the flattering reply. As the master, so the man. Those who have had the good fortune to visit Sir Frederick's house during a trip abroad, will, perhaps, recognize the figure on the right-hand corner at the top of my sketch.—(See page 9.)

C. J. B.



MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.



# Do Not Misunderstand the Situation!

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ALREADY have been announced as Premiums Irving's "Life of Washington," in three Royal Octavo Volumes, bound in English cloth, and in every respect a work that is worthy of a place in the best library in the land; the "Capitals of the Globe," a superb Quarto, with more than three hundred illustrations, marble edges, and bound in English cloth—a volume that is at once a work of art and a treasury of useful, refining knowledge.

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clusive, of course, of the "Life of Washington," already mentioned. More extensive notice of these will appear in future issues. The patrons of ONCE A WEEK will have other new and attractive Premiums to select from.

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## FASHIONS FOR SUNNY DAYS.

THE coy, uncertain spring is here—honest Injun—this time. The preliminary spurt of sunshine on Palm Sunday that beguiled the unwary into the hope of a premature season was only a gracious hint of the golden days to come that are now with us. Golden is the only name for them, when one looks out and sees the shabby old earth transformed in the floods of yellow sunlight inundating every hole and corner. All the people you meet look happy, except



the unfortunates who have made no provision yet in the way of clothes for the fine weather, and who consequently present a pitifully dowdy and uncomfortable appearance. Better stay at home and hide one's diminished head, I say, than rashly venture forth these bright afternoons in the leavings of one's winter wardrobe.

The great vogue which velvet had as a dress material and for trimmings during the winter is not likely to cease with the fine weather, since a new summer velvet has been put on the market. It is of extremely light weight, and will undoubtedly be much worn. The costume on the largest figure sketched on this page is carried out in amethyst velvet of this new quality; it is as fine and sheer as the best satin. The skirt is gracefully caught up to the left, revealing an underrobe of satin in the same shade, overlaid with old guipure écarlate lace. The



bodice is a spencer, with waned basques, and is trimmed with guipure and strings of jet and amethyst beads. The very voluminous sleeves are caught in at the wrist with bands of guipure. The child that accompanies the lady wears an Empire frock of azalea-colored Liberty silk, with a ruffle of mousseline de soie outlining the hem, and a great round collar of lace fastened with two velvet ribbons. The hat is of gathered satin, trimmed with white ostrich plumes.

The group of special costumes for day and evening wear shows three very chic designs. No. 1 represents a dress of black striped silk, the bodice being of black chiffon gathered in to the waist and formed into a yoke at the throat with bands of écarlate insertion. A frill of chiffon is round the shoulders, and the sleeves are

tight from elbow to wrist, and striped with the insertion. The evening-gown (2) is of heliotrope satin, with handsome brocade panels and a full bib of silk-embroidered black net, gathered into a waistband of dark mauve velvet, which forms under-

they do not run to gorgeousness—are not amiss for juvenile wear.

A pretty coat for girls from six to ten years of age, like that in the cut, is made in fancy cream cloth, with an original collar of cream moire and lace insertion, edged with lace. The hat is French tan chip, trimmed with cream moire ribbon, with a bunch of white lilac on the brim.

A becoming style of frock for girls, from seven to twelve years of age, is also shown. It is of biscuit-color cashmere, with Zouave and sleeves daintily finished with white tucked crepe lisse.



sleeves. Butterfly bows passed through paste buckles are set on the shoulders. Costume No. 3 is a dinner-gown contrived out of an old black moire skirt,

In the interests of those who have not yet settled the question of a spring mantle, I give still another new design. It is carried out in rich arabesque moire, with stole ends in front, and having a bow of ribbon fastened with a jet ornament. The yoke, which is lined with dahlia satin, is formed by a wide band of jet insertion,



freshened up with a corsage of black chiffon, the frills edged with tiny silk-embroidered flowers. The underbodice and waistband are of black satin. A similar combination of the same materials in any color would be very effective.

I mentioned, last week, that Dutch bonnets were among the most decided novelties in spring millinery. They are very quaint, and—to some styles of face—very becoming.

A good idea of the effect on the head is gained from the accompanying illustrations, showing two varieties of this novel head-gear. The first is of tan chip, with jetted border and back of brown silk. A spray of flowers is fastened at the side with a paste ornament. The other has a crown of moire silk, in white, cream, pink, black or any shade preferred, dotted with sequins and trimmed with jetted osprey and feathers.

Some of the newest frocks for children are so pretty as to make us grown-ups sigh for our vanished youth. The brightest colors and gayest patterns—so long as

ribbon finish the point of this very stylish mantle at the back.

The smart little Eton coat shown is made of tan-colored cheviot serge. It is cut quite short in front, and has long swallow-tails at the back. The turned-down collar, revers and cuffs are of tan-colored moire, and two buttons covered with moire are placed at each side in front.

The picturesque bonnet is of Luisante brown straw, trimmed with pink eglantine and curtain of guipure lace.

I wish I had space to describe some of the very pretty weddings that took place here this week. At one of these—that of Miss Edith Kip, one of New York's most beautiful girls, and Mr. Richard McCreery—an innovation was introduced by the bridesmaids, who were dressed in white and blue, carrying parasols of pale blue chiffon with gold handles, presents of the bride. It is such perfect weather for weddings that I truly believe some persons are being tempted into matrimony by it who would otherwise fight shy of the toils. If this is so, long life to the spring!

Gwendolen Gay



## DELICIOUS ORANGE DESSERT.

—Fill the ornamental top of an ice-pudding mold with clear jelly, and place it aside to get cold. Whip half a pint of cream with one ounce of caster sugar until it is stiff; add one-half ounce of dissolved sheet-gelatine and a gill of custard, mix thoroughly, and pour the cream into a plain round charlotte mold. Pare and cut six large oranges into their natural divisions, and put them into a gill of boiling syrup; add a dessertspoonful of maraschino, and cover them closely until wanted. At the time of serving, place the cream in a silver dish and turn the mold of jelly on to the top; arrange the prepared oranges round the mold of jelly on the surface of the cream, and garnish the base with chopped jelly and the remainder of the oranges.

COUNTRY CAPTAIN.—Cut up a chicken into nice meat joints; sprinkle it all over with curry powder. Cut up an onion into rings, fry it brown and crisp in three ounces of butter. Take the onions out of the pan and set them on one side. Now put the chicken in the same pan with the butter in which the onions were fried. Fry the chicken a nice color, and sprinkle over the top the fried onions. Garnish with sliced lemon and tufts of parsley.

"A BLUE APRON."

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and is outlined by a double cape. The collar consists of a high gathered frill; butterfly bows are on the shoulders, and loops and long ends of moire and satin

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# TALKS WITH MOTHERS.—No. 2. HAPPY BABYHOOD.

Every mother wants her baby to thrive, because a healthy child is a happy child. The question of how the baby shall be fed is demanding the attention, as never before, not only of the mothers in the land, but of the entire medical profession also, because it is now realized how much the health of a child can be influenced by proper nutrition during the years of babyhood. As the result of the improper feeding of the infant, the vitality of the child is impaired, and he grows up weak and puny. In these days when artificial food is being so generally resorted to for infants, the demand for a substitute for mother's milk has brought out many foods for which great claims are made. Gustav Mellin, an English chemist, was the first to discover and combine the requisite properties necessary for an artificial food, and with his discovery the rational feeding of infants commenced. Mellin's Food is the only perfect substitute for mother's milk, and it has done more to make babies strong and healthy than anything else that has ever been invented. Mellin's Food possesses all the requisite heat and flesh producing and bone-forming constituents necessary to give a child health, vigor and vitality. Infants are exceedingly fond of it and thrive upon it when nothing else can be retained upon the stomach. If they have been weak, fretful and troublesome they become happy, healthy and active; bright eyes, rosy cheeks, firm muscles and a strong constitution are the inevitable results of using this excellent preparation. Mellin's Food, being highly nutritious and easily digested, is also perfectly adapted to the wants of invalids and convalescents.

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## SOME POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS.

IN America we labor under misconceptions of the significance of various common terms indicating social distinctions in England. Such, at least, is the conclusion inevitable from observation of the erroneous application of these terms by our newspaper writers. Such errors are of daily occurrence.

Much is now being said and written about the British House of Commons. Incidentally, certain members of that body are constantly referred to in our public prints as "Commoners." From this the reader would be led to suppose that the term thus used—"Commoner"—was, in the United Kingdom, the recognized equivalent of our American term "Representative," denoting a member of Congress. But such is not the case. Members of the House of Commons are never called "Commoners" in England. Their official title is "Member of Parlia-

ment," abbreviated into "M. P.," written after their names. The phrase "Commoner" applies to every man in the realm who is not a peer, and in that sense only is it understood. Gladstone is "England's Greatest Commoner," not because he is the most distinguished member of the House of Commons, but because he is the most illustrious Englishman—outside the peerage—of our day.

In Great Britain and Ireland every man who bears a title is not necessarily a peer. On the other hand, every peer bears a title. However, even though a man may legitimately prefix his name with the title of "Lord," "Viscount," "Earl" or "Marquis," it does not follow that he is a nobleman. He may have a perfect right to use one of those titles, and yet be a commoner. By quoting a few cases in point this seeming anomaly is easily explained:

Few English titled names are more familiar to the American newspaper reader than that of Lord Randolph Churchill, whose wife is a member of a well-known New York family. He is a commoner, and sits in the House of Commons. He is not a lord, even though he is correctly so called. As the younger son of a duke, Lord Randolph Churchill is, by "courtesy"—that is the official phrase—entitled to the prefix of "lord" to his first name, and though the privilege is primarily a courtesy, it has become, through long custom, an unwritten law. As between the bearer and an ordinary commoner, however, it creates a distinction without a difference.

We may frequently see, in our newspapers, Lord Randolph Churchill described as "Lord Churchill." But he is no more Lord Churchill than is the writer. Lord Churchill is quite another person—a peer of the realm, possessing the rank of baron. Lord Randolph Churchill will never be a peer unless he happens to be specially created one.

A son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava lately wedded an American girl. This gentleman, Lord Terence Blackwood, is a commoner. But, as the younger son of a marquis, he is, by "courtesy," styled "lord," just as the younger son of a duke is. The eldest brother of Lord Terence Blackwood is called the "Earl of Ava." He, likewise, is a commoner; but, by courtesy, uses the "lower title" of his father, who is an earl as well as a marquis. During his visit to America he was often called in the newspapers, "a young nobleman."

The present Duke of Devonshire was very prominent in British politics as the Marquis of Hartington. That title, the lower one of the Dukes of Devonshire, is borne by the eldest son, "by courtesy," during the father's lifetime. As Marquis of Hartington, the present Duke of Devonshire was a commoner, and sat in the House of Commons. He became a peer only upon his father's death.

Some years ago the American society papers contained copious reference to the engagement of Miss Adele Grant to Lord Garmoyne, and we heard much of "this young nobleman." But Garmoyne was a simple commoner, bearing, by courtesy, the lower title of his father, Earl Cairns. We were also informed that Miss Grant, who has since married the Earl of Essex, was "about to become a peeress," though, in wedding Lord Garmoyne, she would have secured no more pretension to call herself a peeress than she possessed as plain Miss Grant.

The marriage of a California heiress to Viscount Deerpurst has just been announced. Viscount Deerpurst is not "an English nobleman," our daily press to the contrary notwithstanding. He is a commoner, bearing, by courtesy, the lower title of his father, the Earl of Coventry. When he succeeds the latter he will be a peer—not before.

These several instances will make clear to the reader how it is that commoners sometimes bear titles, and will illustrate the difference between a titled man and a nobleman. The grades of rank in the British peerage are thus arranged: A baron is the lowest, and his children are distinguished by the prefix, "honorable," to their Christian names. A baron is always referred to as "lord" so-and-so. Viscount is the next grade above baron, and his children are distinguished in the same way as those of a baron. Like the baron, the viscount is colloquially addressed as "lord." The earl precedes the viscount, and his eldest son is called "lord" This or That, according as the father's "lower title" is derived from the name of a place or from the family cognomen itself; the younger male children having the prefix of "honorable"—the female that of "lady." Marquis is the grade above earl, the latter being usually the "courtesy title" of the oldest son, while, as has been shown above, the younger use "lord" before their first names. The daughters of a marquis, like those of an earl, have the courtesy title of "lady." Duke is the highest rank of all, the eldest son being

called marquis; the younger children "lord" and "lady."

It may sometimes happen that the "lower title," as borne by the eldest son, may signify a different rank from that strictly defined by the writer as properly pertaining to each particular grade in the peerage. For instance, the eldest son of a duke may be "earl" instead of marquis; the heir of a marquis only "lord" or "viscount," instead of "earl." The Duke of Westminster's "lower title" is Earl Grosvenor, borne by the eldest son, and other cases of a similar kind might be quoted. This occurs because the dukes or the marquises in question were not promoted in the peerage by consecutive grade, but passed at a jump from earl to duke, or from baron or viscount to marquis.

The prefix "sir" may indicate either a baronet or a knight. The former title is hereditary, but that of a knight dies with the first recipient. Neither title confers nobility, though the contrary impression largely prevails here. Baronets and knights are commoners. There are two kinds of knighthood—that bestowed at her pleasure by the Queen upon any one in the empire, and that belonging to the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and the Star of India. The latter is usually bestowed for distinguished service to the State on the recommendation of the political party in power.

The writer has seen references in our newspapers to English judges, wherein the latter were seriously styled "noblemen." It is true that some of the Irish and English judges have the title of "lord," justice, but it is purely a judicial title, and in no sense implies nobility of rank. Scotch judges of the higher courts are all called "lords," just in the same manner as peers, but there the similarity ends. It is true that judges are frequently ennobled as a recognition of their talents and public services. The Judicial Committee of the House of Lords is composed of distinguished barristers, some of whom have received hereditary titles, while others have been created life peers. These constitute the "law lords," who, as a branch of the Upper House, are the highest court of appeal in the United Kingdom. The title of Lord Chancellor is that borne by the lawyer who has won his way to the most exalted judicial office in reach of his profession. The Lord Chancellor is a judge, and not a peer. In England, however, he is very frequently raised to the peerage as an additional honor.

In estimating the value of social consideration in England we in America are too prone to attach importance to titles of nobility. It is not necessary to have a title in order to be an aristocrat. To belong to the untitled landed gentry is enough, and there are numerous families of this class in England, Scotland and Ireland who have repeatedly refused peerages, and had they accepted, would have been looked on as having sunk the greater distinction of an ancient name for the lesser one of a title.

THOMAS DONNELLY.

"Pa, what is a perquisite?"  
"An authorized steal, my son."

## CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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